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PRICE FIVE CENTS

IT LOOKS LIKE SNOBBERY

THE CURIOUS CHARGE AGAINST W. A. HENRY

Of the Halifax Wanderers—He Slighted part of His Eleven, So the Others Say—The Interesting Facts of the Whole Affair—Mr. Henry's Awkward Position.

HALIFAX, September 20.—No topic of conversation this week has equalled in intensity of interest that of the trouble in the Maritime cricket team over the dinner given in their honor by members of the Victoria club, Toronto, on Friday last. The maritime party at Toronto numbered 13—eleven players, Dr. Muir, who was umpire, and Dr. Kirkpatrick, who accompanied the team as spectator. The team was made up of the following named gentlemen:

W. A. Henry, Halifax, (Captain).
H. Hansard, St. John. Mr. Hughes, Halifax.
F. Clarke, do. F. A. Kaiser, do.
G. Jones, do. T. J. Cahalane, do.
S. Jones, do. J. G. Mackintosh, do.
C. Stewart, Halifax. H. Smith, do.

The team gave a good account of themselves at cricket, making their first match a draw, their second a win, and losing only the third. They were unlike some former cricketers teams away from home in the fact that they swore off from liquor and not a man of them touched a drop till after the matches were over. Everything went pleasantly till Friday afternoon. That day several members of the Victoria club determined to entertain the maritime men at dinner in the club-house. Captain W. A. Henry was entrusted with conveying the invitations to members of his team. Those who were "bidden to the feast" thought that of course all the others were too. But toward night it transpired that all had not been asked. Five of the best men on the team had been left out in the cold. Here is a list of the quintette of Halifax players who were not deemed worthy by Captain Henry of a seat at the banquet table.

Mr. Hughes, Halifax. F. A. Kaiser, Halifax.
T. J. Cahalane, do. J. G. Mackintosh, do.
H. Smith, Halifax.

Those men blame Henry for the slight put upon them. He alone they held to be responsible for the fact that they were not asked. W. A. Henry is a first-class all-round athlete, but he is something more, he is "a society man." He drew the dead line of social discrimination with a careful hand when he separated his team into two classes. The uninvited allege that Mr. Henry gave the Victoria people to understand whom they should ask or else that he had instructions from the club to ask the whole team, and took upon himself the responsibility of extending the invitation only to those whom he considered socially the best on his team. It is absurd to think that the Victoria club would get up a dinner for about half the maritime visitors, so that the theory is that Henry just asked those whom he chose. On the other hand, if it proves to be true that only eight men were invited by the club out of the thirteen, and that Mr. Henry had nothing to do with the curtailment of the number he is equally blame-worthy, for no captain with a spark of manliness would sit down to such a dinner while five of his very best players had been wantonly insulted in being pronounced unworthy of a place at the table. Mr. Henry is on the horns of a dilemma. Dr. Kirkpatrick took in the situation in a moment, and when he found that five of the players had been so grossly slighted he refused to accept his invitation.

This is the fact of the little affair. Now look for a moment at the character of the selection and see how determining a choice was made for this memorable dinner. Mr. Henry moves in a swell social set in Halifax and is a member of a good law firm, but as for his abilities outside the athletic arena there is very little to say. Messrs. H. H. Hansard, G. Jones, S. Jones and P. Clarke are better known in St. John than Halifax, but it is understood that Mr. Henry considers them, especially the Jones brothers, to be all right socially and they doubtless are fine fellows—worthy a place at this dinner table. C. Stewart was easily in it, for his father is Colonel Stewart and "Charley" is in "upper tenor" beyond a doubt. Dr. Muir is a wealthy citizen of Toronto and by the bye, they say he had a narrow escape from being left out from the banquet. Dr. Kirkpatrick is the man at loggerheads with Dr. Dodge about that article in PROGRESS some time ago. He has a splendid practice as an eye and ear specialist and is a good man. That completes the list of men who were "good enough, you know," for a place at this club dinner. They included the whole of the swell section of the team in the estimation of Mr. Henry or someone else. The poor quintette is headed by Mr. Hughes. 'Tis true he is only a bandmaster in a British regiment, but he is every inch a gentleman, and the best cricketer in the team. F. A. Kaiser is in business for himself in this city, and though he makes no pretensions to swiftness, perhaps he has just as many of the instincts of a gentleman as any of the thirteen. He is certainly as good as some of the favored and "select" eight.

NO HARD TIMES IN THIS.

MR. APPELBY'S LITTLE BILL IS HEWED DOWN

By Judge Barker, who Thought that 25 per cent. of an Estate was Too Much to pay for Looking after It—The Particulars of a Remarkable Account.

If lawyers had their way they would provide an easy solution to the great social problem. They would be the great levelers of wealth, and fortunes that get into the courts would be levelled down and distributed among their profession. Lawyers seem to be chiefly socialists. Great private fortunes are an eye-sore to them and so they take advantage of every opportunity to rid the suffering masses of these burdens upon society. The more effectually to accomplish their object they sometimes combine their efforts. There are various methods of doing this, but one case will suffice for illustration.

It has been said that it is sometimes the habit of a proctor representing an estate in the probate court to divide the different heirs around lawyer friends of his. In return for the favor they give him half the proceeds from the case. They are of course under these conditions not particularly anxious to settle the case. There was a case before the equity court this week wherein was instanced this socialistic bias of the legal mind. Mr. S. B. Appleby, of Woodstock, displayed this characteristic and it was in connection with the Slipp estate. The estate was worth about \$8,750. Mr. Appleby was appointed receiver of the estate and he wound it up. He wanted to apply his favorite levelling down process and in his own mind made what he considered an equitable and judicious division of the property. He would take \$2,290, a portion would go toward expenses of winding it up, and the remainder would be divided among the heirs.

But Judge Barker was not of the same mind with him. He thought that \$803 was all that should go to him and so ruled. In his ruling he stated that the question of the pay of receivers was an important one and there should be some fixed principle in apportioning their compensation. He decided that in the matter of easy collections five per cent. was fair remuneration and ten per cent. when the collections involved extra troubles. It appears that Mr. Appleby did not charge for his services on the percentage system but on the basis of the number of days' labor performed. For the mere task of winding up an estate he charged twenty-six per cent. By glancing at his little bills some idea may be gained of the size of the magnifying glass with which he looked at his services.

Six months general supervision of estate at \$75 a month..... \$450
Forty-five days' labor performed at home at \$10 a day..... 450
Twenty-two days' labor performed abroad at \$20 a day..... 440
Eight hundred letters written to debtors to estate at 10 cents a letter..... 800
General services to estate..... 350
\$2290

There was a ball in this city on Wednesday night which, by some strange omission on the part of our society correspondents, is not mentioned in the portion of the paper usually set apart for such "functions." The melodious strains of "Sweet Marie" came stealing softly through the open door as the reporter passed that way, but they were not intense enough to drown the following interesting dialogue:

"Tea or coffee?" This was in tones unmistakably feminine, and unmistakably hospitable. The answer was "yeas."

"Half-full or chock-full?" "Yeas." Then the orchestra resumed its staccatos, and the floors rose and fell to the entrancing music and to the gentle tread of feet encased in boots like those of Bembastus. Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell, when suddenly the music grew less distinct; the sound of twinkling feet keeping time, time, in a happy Runic rhyme grew fainter and fainter. The door had been closed. A few minutes later a big man came towards the listening crowd that was sitting on the fence outside the house. Pride gleamed in his eye, and a key gleamed in his red right hand. In a bold, defiant tone of voice he proclaimed:

"I locked the fools out!"

Then another big man jumped from his seat on the pickets, and yelled, in a voice that shook the stars:

"What'd you say?"

Promptly came the answer, in an even more defiant tone of voice:

"I locked the fools out!"

"Well," said the would-be avenger of the wrongs of the dancers, in a voice very different from that which he employed when he awoke the heavens, "you're just the fellow that could do it!"

He Got His Quarter Back.

It happened in a church not very far up river, the other Sunday. The gentleman who took up the collection was seen to put his hand in his pocket, pull out a coin and drop it in the box, before he deposited the latter on the step near the preacher. Having his eyes devoutly raised at the time it would seem that he did not see what he contributed, but on the way back to his seat the idea appeared to strike him that he might have made a mistake. Putting his hand into his pocket again, he pulled out another coin, looked at it and calmly walked back to the box where he exchanged it for the coin he had put there as an offering. It was a purely business transaction. His pocket had contained a quarter and a cent, and he had put in the quarter by mistake.

PROBATE!

The Facts and Costs of a Modern Court.

THE HUNTER WILL CASE.

The Lawyers and What They Made Out of It.

THE ATTEMPT TO PROVE A WILL THAT WAS MISLAID.

Some Remarkable Proceedings in the St. John Probate Court—McAlpine's story of How a Will was Executed and Lost—Costs Made to Order While You Wait.

The celebrated chancery suit of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce dissolved and melted away for the very good reason that the estate became wholly absorbed in costs. A precisely similar occurrence took place in the probate court of the county of Westmorland, some years ago, when a perfectly solvent estate was eaten by a horde of hungry lawyers, who met and adjourned from time to time until there was nothing further left for them to swallow. At the rate the costs have been piled up in the Hunter will case, during the last two months, there may be an equally remarkable record in the annals of the probate court of St. John.

There is considerable left of the estate yet, it is true, for only about one-tenth of it has so far been absorbed in legal expenses. It must be remembered, however, that the court and the lawyers have only had two months in which to accomplish anything. Besides, they have got nearly all the cash Mr. Hunter had laid by, and there will be no more ready money until that is to say, not all of it at once.

The story of the Hunter will case has not been told in the fragmentary reports of the court proceedings which have appeared in the daily papers. It cannot, even now, be fully told in PROGRESS. One reason is a lack of space—and possibly of adequate printable adjectives—to do some phases of the subject full justice. Another is that the case is still going on, and it appears likely to go on as long as there is anything left in the shape of assets. A good deal, too, must be omitted in the way of comment, for the suit is still pending, and to prejudice it might be a contempt of court, which is another thing than contempt for a house permitted by law to devour widows' houses and wrest away the bread of orphans.

For the Hunter will case, after all, is but a specimen brick in a structure built of many such bricks—the probate court as it exists in the province of New Brunswick. Not only in this city, but in every county, it is recognized as a tribunal of practically unlimited license as to fees and methods of procedure. To lay all the blame upon the lawyers is to deal with effects instead of causes. In an overcrowded profession where the old-time etiquette has degenerated into a pell-mell scramble for business, it is not strange that lawyers should exemplify the motto of "everyone for himself." Few, if any, are likely to neglect an opportunity of having their slice of a cake that is cut to be eaten. That cake, in this instance, is the estate of Thomas Hunter, who departed this life, shortly after midnight, on the morning of the 8th of July last.

Mr. Hunter's name has become very much more famous since his death than it ever was in the 46 years of his life. He was a bachelor, a native of the north of Ireland, who came to this country about twenty years ago, and began his business career as a clerk in the dry goods establishment of Beard & Venning. Later he tried his fortune in Chicago for a short time, returned to Ireland, and finally came back to St. John, where he became manager of the Carleton store of Jas. Adams & Co., corner of King and Ludlow streets. About seventeen years ago, he bought out this establishment, and he continued to conduct it until the time of his death. Eight years ago, he added a boot and shoe department to his dry goods business, and two years ago he established a branch store on King street for the sale of ready made clothing. This was in charge of James Scott, a former fellow employee with Hunter.

Soon after Hunter started in business, Enoch O. Parsons was engaged by him as clerk, and continued to act in that capacity up to the time of Hunter's death. Whether he would have continued to remain had Hunter lived is another question. Parsons, having been so long in the employ, was

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looked upon by many as a confidential clerk, but it would seem that Hunter did not so regard him. James B. Daley, of Vassie & Co., appeared to be the man on whom he relied most for consultation and advice in matters of business, while Fred J. Brittain was more of a confidant than Parsons was in affairs of a personal character. A few weeks before his death, Hunter told several persons, at various times, that he was not satisfied with the way Parsons was attending to business, and that he intended to discharge him.

Hunter was a man of fine mercantile capacity. He was a judicious buyer and his business prospered from the outset. Starting with small capital, he so prudently managed his affairs that, after seventeen years of business in a district not supposed to be of commercial importance, he died worth about twenty thousand dollars.

Despite the fact that he had lived so long in Carleton, Mr. Hunter seems to have attended strictly to his own affairs. He took little or no interest in public matters, and ordinarily lived a quiet bachelor life. His personal tastes were not expensive, but he was far from niggardly in his nature. He gave much to charity in an unobtrusive and often secret way, and he was in good repute with the pastor and people of the Carleton Presbyterian church, of the congregation of which he was a member. There were, however, few who might be called his intimate friends, save in a qualified sense of the term. He had associates, it is true, for he was by no means an ascetic, and there were times when he sought relief from the monotony of existence in Carleton by brief periods of convivial recreation. He was fond of fishing too, and often went on little excursions out of town. A favorite resort of his, within the last year or two, was the boarding house kept by W. W. Brittain, at Grand Bay.

On the night of Saturday, the 7th of July, Hunter left Carleton between 9 and 10 o'clock, in company with Fred Linde, and drove to Brittain's. On the way they stopped at an alleged wayside inn kept by John Newman, but so far as appears Hunter was not intoxicated when he arrived at his destination, nor did he afterwards become so. He seemed in his usual health, though that was far from being rugged. It is understood that he had been told by one doctor, six months before, that his lungs were in a condition which must end in death, but another doctor subsequently assured him that there was no cause for alarm in that respect.

On reaching Brittain's he had supper, and retired shortly after midnight. Half an hour later, a noise was heard in his room, and those who went there found him bleeding profusely at the mouth, he having evidently ruptured a blood vessel. A doctor was hastily sent for, but before he arrived Hunter was dead.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, the 10th of July. Only one lawyer was in the procession, but he and the other lawyers have had a continually increasing procession of their own ever since.

On the day of Hunter's death, Parsons and Fred J. Brittain went to the store to examine the private papers. They found the draft of a will made by a St. John lawyer in 1886, and the addresses of Hunter's relatives in Ireland and the United States. The nearest relative was a brother, Samuel Hunter, who lived in Ireland. Parsons sent a cable message to him, and requested J. B. M. Baxter to write to him. Baxter did so, and was duly retained to represent Samuel Hunter's interest.

Thinking that there might be a will, Parsons and Scott began to inquire among the city lawyers with whom Hunter had been acquainted. Among others, they called upon E. H. McAlpine. This was the morning of Tuesday, 10th, the day of the funeral.

Mr. McAlpine told them he had no will. Parsons suggested that possibly J. E. Cowan might have one, as he did some business for Hunter. McAlpine thought that perhaps such was the case, and advised them to telegraph Cowan, who was then absent from the city. Geo. A. Davis had already said that he had no will; the reply from Cowan was that he had none; and as McAlpine distinctly declared that he had none, the conclusion was reached that Hunter had died intestate.

On the day of court, therefore, Wm. Vassie, of Vassie & Co., the principal creditor of the estate, with a claim about \$1,700, filed a petition for administration. In the meantime, however, W. J. Beatty, a brother-in-law of the deceased, had come from Portland, Me., and lawyer Baxter, inferring from a conversation that he was retained, filed a caveat on behalf of Susan and Rebecca Beatty, children of Hunter's deceased sister. Lawyer Davis, on what authority it does not appear, also filed a caveat on behalf of the brother in Ireland. On the 13th a session of the probate court was held, when steam was let on and the manufacture of cost was fairly begun.

In the meantime a new and astonishing phase of the case had been developed by

that this was rather high for circular letters and asked him why he did not get his office boy to do it. Mr. Appleby replied very gravely that "he could not delegate the trust on account of the responsibility that was upon him."

The court decided that ten per cent. was a fair remuneration instead of his scale of percentage, which went up to eight hundred.

AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

How a New Brunswick Frenchman Gave an Exhibition of the "Savate."

A colored sailor, who was not averse to telling that he came from Eastport, and was also not by any means shy in proclaiming that he could lick anybody in St. John, was the centre of attraction on one of the wharves on Tuesday evening. A young Frenchman, who is said to be one of the numerous Whites of Shediac, stepped up to him, and signified that he was prepared to be licked, if the sailor could lick him, but that he had his doubts on the subject.

The colored man made a rush for the man, with his head down. As the black fellow approached the gentle Acadian, a look of disgust was seen on the Frenchman's brow, as he saw that the negro did not propose to follow the laws in such cases made and provided by the Marquis of Queensberry. So the Frenchman decided therefore, that evading the Queensberry rules was a game that could be played by two, so decided to give the Eastport man an illustration of the "savate," the famous kick of the French boxers, so fully described by a Canadian in a late American magazine.

It was a beautiful sight to see that Frenchman jump into the air, and bring both his heavy boots down with magnificent force upon the bowed head of his adversary. It was done before an eye in the crowd had time to twinkle. The Eastport fighter ran in the direction classed by negro minstrels as "slantedicular," with far less firmness of foot than that displayed by the Frenchman but did not run much further. He "drifted," a dreary wreck," and fell with a terrific sweep, nearly falling over the side of the wharf. At length he picked himself up very carefully. There was blood in his eye as well as on his head, but he did not seem to want to further establish his claim that he could lick any man in St. John. Neither did he reiterate that he was from Eastport. Still, he was indignant and appeared to think that he had not received "a fair show."

"I didn't think," said the demoralized African, "that I was fighting with a turned mule."

"I didn't think," said the professor of the "savate," "that I was fight wid one blame ram!"

And like Locksley after the archery contest, "he quickly mixed with the crowd and was gone."

Sunday Ball Playing.

There has been a great deal of complaint lately by people who visit the Rural cemetery on Sunday afternoons concerning the ball-playing, etc., in a field by the Westmorland road, opposite Mr. John Holden's. The ball playing is not so much objected to as the profane language which is borne to the ears of those who have just visited or are about to visit the resting places of relatives. It is said that the ball-players have not the slightest respect for a passing funeral procession, but that they yell quite as loudly and swear quite as freely when a funeral procession passes as they do on other occasions.

A Newsboy's Enterprise.

A crowd of newsboys and the old lady who calls out "Gaz-ette or Rec-ord, please, sir," were standing on the corner of Princess and Charlotte streets the other night calling out the names of their papers. A fire-bell commenced ringing, and immediately afterwards a small boy came tearing around the corner, yelling at the top of his shrill voice, "Re-cord! All about the fire!"

Two gentlemen standing by thought the joke so good that they bought every paper the boy had left.

An Unqualified Success.

If the spring and summer business is any indication Messrs. Daniel & Robertson's millinery venture has proved a great success. In the city portion of today's issue, they have a special enclosure announcing their opening of autumn and winter millinery on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27, 28, and 29, when the newest trimmed work, hats, feathers, &c., &c., will be shown.

Mr. Larson Was In Town.

A paragraph that should have been written for PROGRESS last Saturday but was not, is good enough to print in this. In any event, the fact that Mr. Larsen, once a capable member of its staff, was in town could not be suppressed, no matter if the newspapers neglected to notice the fact so many people knew and liked "Bob" that the news soon spread. He only remained a day long enough to shake hands with a few of his friends and to convince them that success had not changed him for the worse.

The consul for the other side remarked

NEED

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S. S. CO.

WEEK

STON.

er notice the steam- company will leave r Eastport, Lubec, and Boston every WEDNESDAY morning at 8 (A.M.). Returning Monday same day and Portland at 5 Eastport and St. rs will not touch with steamer for m. LLER, Agent.

LIFTON

diadown and SATURDAY Grove, Moss Glen ending, Hampton all leaving for St. John and KLE, Captain.

Ship Co.

between Nova States. Time! 17 Hours.

WEEK

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1894.

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BBITT, Manager.

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the advent of lawyer McAlpine upon the scene with the statement that, despite of his previous positive assertion, he had in his possession a will duly executed by Thomas Hunter. He appears to have first made this statement to people with whom he talked when on the street, but he also notified the judge, and on Wednesday, the 11th, he sent word to James B. Daley to call at his office. Daley did so, and McAlpine's first words were, "Mr. Daley, you are an executor of Thomas Hunter." Daley was surprised, and McAlpine said that Fred Linde was also an executor. According to Daley's evidence, McAlpine "was a little under the weather." He did not produce any will, but said he would show it to Daley later.

On the day of court, Friday, the 13th, Daley went to McAlpine's office to accompany that gentleman to the judge of probate to have the will proved. No will was shown, but McAlpine took Daley upstairs to the office of Judge Skinner in order, he said, to have the will proved. No will was shown in court, but McAlpine said he had a will and would produce it. It gave a diamond ring to the wife of W.W. Brittain, a gold watch and chain to Enoch O. Parsons, and \$50 to John Newman, innkeeper. One third of the residuary estate was to be given "to Enoch O. Parsons, my confidential clerk, who has for so many years assisted to build up my business," and the remaining two-thirds was to be "divided among my next in kin, share and share alike." Some lawyer said he did not want the will read at this session of the court, as he expected to hear from the Misses Beatty, in Portland, Maine, and McAlpine said that, in deference to this wish, he would not then read the will, but would produce it on the following Monday.

At the session on the 13th Daley and Linde were appointed administrators pendente lite. There were present at this meeting of the court the following legal gentlemen, each of whom had something to make out of the estate of Thomas Hunter, and to each of whom every step in litigation meant the pocketing of additional costs: Hon. C. N. Skinner, judge of probate; H. A. McKeown, representing Enoch O. Parsons; J. E. Cowan, representing John Newman, innkeeper, for a legacy of \$50; E. H. McAlpine, representing Messrs. Daley and Linde, executors; M. B. Dixon, representing Wm. Vassie, a creditor and applicant for administration; J. B. M. Baxter, Daniel Mullin and Geo. A. Davis, claiming to represent the Beattys and the brother in Ireland.

No business was done on the Monday which the hearing was adjourned. One of the lawyers, McKeown, was going to New York, and an adjournment was granted until his return. Whether a session was charged for in the costs will be seen by the bills.

After this, Daley met McAlpine once or twice on the street and said he would like to see the will, or have it placed in some safe place. McAlpine replied that it was all right, and was safe.

On the afternoon of Friday, July 20, McAlpine called for Daley to accompany him to the judge of probate. Daley was very glad to go, saying that he wanted to see the will in a safe place. On the way to McAlpine's office they met Arthur Clark, who had no concern with the case, and McAlpine invited him to join them. Reaching the office, McAlpine searched around among a number of papers, put one aside, and then picked out three or four pieces of paper, finally putting them all in an envelope which he sealed with wax in three places. While this was being done, says Daley, "he was crying, weeping and making a great time."

Sealing the envelope which contained documents of the contents of which Daley was ignorant, McAlpine wrote on it, "This is the last will and testament of our dear friend, Thomas Hunter." Then he picked up a Testament and said, "You fellows are not to repeat what was done in this room, and this is the last will and testament of our dear friend." He then threw the bundle of papers into a drawer, which he closed, and as far as there is any evidence it has never since been seen by mortal eyes.

They did not go before the judge of probate that day, because he was ill at home, and McAlpine said he did not wish to bother him. The will was to be proved on Friday, the 27th. On that day Daley found both McKeown and McAlpine in the latter's office. McKeown read a petition which he wanted Daley to sign, alleging that the will was lost and asking that it be proved as a lost will. "This is the first intimation I have received from Mr. McAlpine of the will being lost," said Daley, very much astonished. He refused to sign the petition, because it made him certify to matters of which he had no cognizance. He had no knowledge of the existence of a will, except from what McAlpine had told him. He signed the petition only when the clauses to which he had objected had been scored out, and in this condition, with the erasures telling their own story, the petition became part of the records of Judge Skinner's court.

In this petition the bequests in the will were set out as already stated. The subscribing witnesses were given as E. H. McAlpine and James ——. McAlpine

explained that the name of the latter witness was either Lowood, Lockwood or Lockhart—he could not remember which. The man was a commercial traveller who was a stranger to him.

Another session of the court was held the following day, when the administrators were authorized to call for tenders for the stock. By this time Baxter regularly represented Samuel Hunter, having been retained by cable. Mullin produced a letter from one of the Misses Beatty showing that he had authority to appear through Mr. Hogan. A new lawyer also appeared in the person of Mr. Fagan, from J. H. Fogg, of the Maine bar, also in the interest of the Beatty heirs. McAlpine was called to give his evidence, but Baxter objected that he was not in a condition to do so. The result of this was such a torrent of abuse and profanity that some of the lawyers who were members of the church were greatly shocked. The court adjourned in confusion until the 30th.

On the 30th, still another lawyer appeared, in the person of Hon. A. G. Blair, attorney-general, who had been retained by Mr. Fogg to represent the Beatty heirs. Before this there had been some confusion among Mr. Beatty and his two daughters as to whether Mullin or Baxter represented them. Baxter retired as soon as there was any question about it, being at least sure as to the brother in Ireland. Mullin did not retire until a later stage of the proceedings.

As some further torrid language was used at this session, the attorney-general himself being a target for part of it, a requisition was made to the sheriff for the attendance of constables at the next session. Whatever the judge and the other lawyers might think about the matter, Mr. Blair did not want tourists visiting King square to mistake the court house for a sailors' lodging where a free fight was in progress.

At the session just mentioned, McAlpine read the affidavit of Fred Linde that he believed the state of facts to be as McAlpine represented, and that Hunter had told him, some months before his death, that his affairs were all settled. McAlpine asked until the following Saturday to produce the lost will.

Saturday came and there was another session. McAlpine did not produce the will, but he read his own affidavit, in which he swore the statements he had made were true, that the will had been duly executed and that he had seen it after Hunter's death.

The court met again on the 9th of August, and then one of the heirs appeared. This was Samuel Hunter, the brother, who came all the way from Ireland, and is still here waiting to see if the lawyers will leave anything for his share of the estate. At this session McAlpine took the stand and told the story of the lost will. He had drawn it for Hunter, he said, the last of October or first of November, 1893. He had no entry or memorandum to show to regard to it. Hunter had spoken to him one Sunday afternoon during the previous August, while they were pitching quoits at Brittain's place. Hunter had spoken to him about the will again, at Brittain's, one morning, and again spoke of it over a glass of ale, in St. John, in September. Finally, one day, Hunter came to the office, in company with the stranger whose name might be Lowood, Lockwood or Lockhart, or might be anything else. The will was drawn and executed. McAlpine was feeling pretty gay, he says. He was on the racket and had been for two or three weeks, but was able to take care of himself in every way. He "could have gone to a funeral, but had a great big jab aboard." Hunter had had some drinks, but was not drunk, and his friend was more sober than he was. Hunter opened the door and said to his friend, "Come in, Kitty Boy," and an introduction of the stranger followed. Hunter asked McAlpine to write the will and he did so from his memory of the instructions Hunter had previously given him. The scene is thus described by McAlpine: "In the office we were smoking cigars and talking history, etc. I think I sang a song, 'Where is not that merry party?' Mr. Hunter wanted me to sing the Boyne Water, but I wouldn't; there were gentlemen in the building who might be offended. There was no bottle in the crowd; we were somewhat like camels, we could cross a desert. The will was drawn before singing the song. First Mr. Hunter passed around cigars, and then I seized the pen and wrote his will. It took me two and a half or five minutes."

This was the first time Hunter had ever been in McAlpine's office. He and Kitty Boy were there on this occasion about forty-five minutes, and then Kitty Boy seems to have disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as the will he had witnessed vanished at a later date. McAlpine never saw him again, nor in all his subsequent intercourse with Hunter, for the next eight months, does he seem to have taken the fancy to inquire about him.

During those eight months the will lay in a bundle of papers in McAlpine's office. From the time it was drawn until Hunter died, McAlpine says: he did not read it, but he glanced over it before he sealed it up when Clark and Daley were present. That he did not then show it to Daley, one of the executors, he explains by saying that he did not want Clark to know what was in it. He says that when he told Parsons and Scott there was no will he told an absolute falsehood, not meaning it as a falsehood, but in order to get rid of them, as he was very busy that morning. He further says that he did not know who Scott was.

At the session on the 10th of August, McAlpine was sharply cross-examined by the attorney-general and again swore positively to the due execution of the will. He had permitted a total stranger to be one of two witnesses to a will, because one witness would be sufficient to prove it. As to the instructions for drawing the will, Hunter had not mentioned his brother, nephews or nieces, but had merely spoken of his next of kin. When John Newman was mentioned, McAlpine had asked if he wanted that wild Irishman to get \$50, and the reply was "Yes, it would be enough

to buy a jack knife and a cake of soap to wash himself with."

McAlpine also swears that about the first of July Mrs. Brittain told him that Mrs. Parsons, wife of the legatee, was his first cousin, but up to that time he had not known there was such a person as Mrs. Parsons.

After hearing the evidence of McAlpine and Daley, Judge Skinner decided that a citation should issue calling on the heirs and next of kin to show cause, if any, why the will as propounded by McAlpine should not be admitted to probate. This was on the 20th of August. There was another meeting on the 21st, in regard to tenders for the stock, but the most and important session of all for the lawyers was on the 22nd, when they met to divide the spoils.

When Thomas Hunter died he left \$2,350 in cash. Out of this there was deducted \$327 for rent and wages due, and when Fred Linde subsequently gave place as administrator to Samuel Hunter he was allowed a commission of \$154 to solace him for his retirement. This left something more than \$1,900 available for costs, etc., but the court and the lawyers were decent enough to draw the line short of taking the whole of it in one scoop. There seems to have been a consensus of opinion that, at this stage, they should be content with something in the vicinity of \$1,500 as a limit outside capital ought to be left to the estate, in case of emergencies. The division of the costs was managed with neatness and dispatch.

It must be remembered that in point of fact there are but a limited number of interests in the estate. For instance, the next of kin, Samuel Hunter, has one interest; the Beattys; of Portland, and the Elliots, of California and Pennsylvania, would have another interest, should the will be established. If there were no will, their interest would be identical with that of Samuel Hunter. The other legatees under the will have only one interest. The number of people who have been represented by counsel, however, has been a good deal in excess of the number of interests, and to each of the lawyers who have represented, the court has awarded costs at the expense of the estate. The bills of costs were handed in at the session on the 22nd, and Judge Skinner came to the front with a system of taxation, which seems as extraordinary in its way as some of the other proceedings in this very remarkable case.

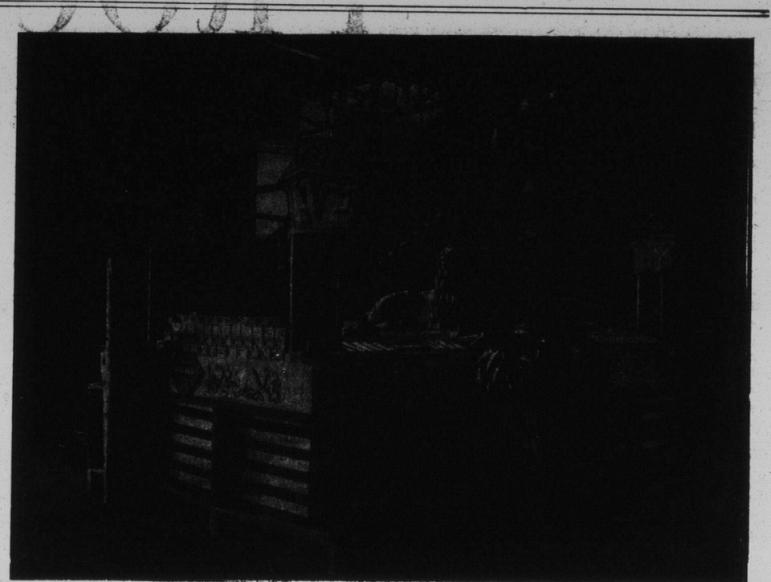
McKeown's bill was the first handed in. The judge looked over it, scored out an item here and there, ascertained the total of it as thus amended and took the net amount as a standard on which to level up or level down all the other bills, utterly regardless of what the items might be. He did not read the other bills; some of them he did not even open, but by some private process of calculation he assessed the sum he thought each lawyer ought to get, in proportion to the big or little interest he represented, and he figured out so fine that even the odd cents appeared in the different amounts thus allowed.

This singular and summary system of taxing costs may be a venerable and customary feature of the probate court, but it is as to say that outside of that court, it is found in no tribunal in this part of the world at least and perhaps in no other part of the world.

All the lawyers except the attorney-general were present at this session. At the first session Baxter told the court that while he consented to the taxation of the amount of his own bill he objected to separate bills being taxed in the case of the attorney-general and Mullin, as well as in that of McKeown and Cowan, as in that of four represented only two interests. Judge Skinner agreed with this and decided there should be only one bill for McKeown and Cowan. The bill of neither of these gentlemen was disallowed, however, but having deducted a little from Cowan's bill, he then took the simple and expeditious method of making one bill by adding the amounts both of them together, making a total of \$273 60. This solution of the problem of adding one to one and making the sum of one, was as successful and quite as surprising as the feat of Columbus in making an egg stand on end. Cowan's costs for representing the \$50 claim of John Newman, innkeeper, had been made up by him to the sum of \$122. As for McKeown, he told the judge he would not consent to any reduction of his account, and accordingly none was made.

The attorney-general had succeeded Mullin as counsel for the Beattys, but the court allowed Mullin full costs, as if he had been the only person representing the Beatty interest. In rolling the two bills into one by the process already described, the judge reached a total of \$327 57. Neither of these lawyers were present at the meeting, but the question of their respective rights subsequently caused a good deal of discussion. Mr. Blair very promptly settled the matter as far as he was concerned. When he heard what had been allowed, he declared that all he had done was worth more than \$100, and he refused to accept anything in excess of that sum. Mr. Mullin is not recorded as making a similar remark; but he insisted on standing on what he regarded as his rights and refused to accept anything through the medium of Mr. Blair. It was finally suggested, in an informal discussion outside of the court proceedings, that the cheque for \$327 57, payable to cash or bearer, be cashed by a third person, and \$100 each be paid to Messrs. Blair and Mullin. How far this arrangement has been carried out is not stated. Seven days later, the money for the cheque was paid by the bank to a

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The remarks in this department in advance of the coming to this city of the Robin Hood Opera Company have, I am informed, caused not a little annoyance to at least the manager of the Opera House. This annoyance appears to have been directly caused by the remark that the St. John public had been led to believe the company were "the Bostonians" and that Messrs. Barnabee, McDonald, etc.,—well known members of the Bostonians, whose piece de resistance, by the way, is Robin Hood—would be members of the company that had secured dates at the Opera House. I am inclined to believe that this impression was shared in by the local management until probably about the time the cast of Robin Hood appeared in one of the morning papers. This cast at once established the fact that, however good might be the company about to produce Robin Hood here, it was not the Bostonians, and that being the case, the correct thing would then have been to take the public into the confidence of the management and trust to the public spirit for support in the venture. I have said the chorus work of this company was good, but, even admitting it the best ever heard here, I positively assert that it did not justify the advance in prices set up by the Opera House. Why then was this advance in the rates?

There is no getting away from the fact that the public believed the Bostonians were coming. An instance occurs to me, as I write, of a prominent merchant who said he bought his tickets in the belief he was going to hear the Bostonians, and if he had seen PROGRESS before he secured them he would not have purchased them at all. This is quite aside from the merits of the Robin Hood Opera Company as a musical organization. I have dealt with that subject before. In conclusion I repeat, the impression spoken of did exist, and so far as I have learned no endeavor was made by the Opera House management to correct it. If they did not indeed encourage this belief why did they permit the following item from the Sun to remain unchallenged. "The Robin Hood Opera Company will visit St. John Sept. 10, 11, and 12, producing Robin Hood and The Maid of Plymouth. The great Barnabee is one of the leading members of the company." Now in order to facilitate matters for the management and aid them all I can in their search for the original of this extract I will tell them the date of the paper is June 4, 1894. In another column of PROGRESS today it will be seen "The Bostonians" are rehearsing an opera called "Fatinitza" and the cast is also given. This cast shows that the great Barnabee is not now and has not been "one of the leading members" of the Robin Hood Opera Company as such.

I did not intend to write of this matter again, but a letter of protest from the local manager to the editor of this paper has made it necessary on behalf of this paper and in my own justification that I should make this reference. I regret to learn that Miss Godard will not be able to act as pianist for the Oratorio Society this season. Miss Dora Armstrong, however, has been selected to succeed her, and will doubtless give ample satisfaction to all interested in the society and its welfare.

Tones and Undertones. Robert A. Barrett's next extravaganza, it is said, will be called "Uptidee." Yes, the violinist has been engaged for the Boston Symphony in Boston. Miss Ella M. Chamberlain, the whistler, is adding to her laurels. She has recently written a new song entitled "Love is all." It is stated that during their tour in America next winter Jean and Edward de Reszka will receive \$1700 per night. Miss Lillian Carlsmith, the well-known contralto, who sang in the Oratorio society productions in this city, is in Boston for the winter. A work entitled "Musicians and Music Lovers" is now in press and will shortly be issued. It is by W. F. Apthorp. Messrs. Bauer and Wittman are working on a new comic opera with Millocker. They are the librettists of "Poor Jonathan."

Miss Helen Ormsbee is the name of a young soprano from Chicago who gives promise of a successful career. Her voice is of great compass and of a very sweet quality. The Boston symphony concerts will begin October 13th. The orchestra, as was the case last season, will number 84 persons. The concerts will be 24 in number. A complimentary performance of the opera "Madeleine" was tendered by Camille D'Arville to the comedian of the company, Mr. George Boniface jr., last Monday evening. It was a success. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau's Concert company will begin their brief tour on October 10, at the Metropolitan Opera House (N. Y.). The company contains Mmes. Malba, and Scalchi and Messrs. Pianon and Mauguiere.

Few people have any idea of the strain upon a grand piano when it is being played. Every string, when pulled, strains the case to the extent of 200 pounds. When a trichord note is tuned to pitch the pull amounts to 600 pounds. Mlle. DeLusan received her musical education solely from her mother. This fact is unique in the annals of the operatic stage, for the mother of DeLusan, though very gifted musically, is an amateur without stage experience. "Prince Pro Tem" opened the season and the new departure, at the Boston Museum last Monday evening. The members of the company are all individually clever people and are capable of doing not only legitimate drama but musical productions as well. It is a stock company. When Francis Wilson's new comic opera, "The Devil's Deputy," was given its initial production at Abby's theatre last week the house was crowded, despite the fact that it was intensely hot, the thermometer standing at 96°. The curtain did not fall on the last act till almost midnight. Wilson made a hit. The London Daily News says that Paderevski has abandoned his intention of visiting the United States this summer, and proposes spending the winter in Europe. His physicians advise him against a long and exhausting journey. He hopes to be able to go to the United States in October, 1895. The musical comedy "A Gaiety Girl" was put on at Daly's theatre (N. Y.) last Tuesday evening by George Edwards' company from the Prince of Wales theatre London. The piece is in two acts. The four leading ladies of the company are Miss Decima Moore, Miss Blanche Massey, Miss Maud Hobson and Miss Juliette Neville. The "Bostonians" have "Fatinitza" in rehearsal with the following artists in the cast; Jessie Bartlett Davis, as Fatinitza, Caroline Hamilton, or D. Eloise Morgan as Lydia; Henry Clay Barnabee, as Izzet Pasha; W. H. McDonald, as Julian Hardy the reporter; Eugene Cowles, as Gen Kantchukoff; and George Frothingham as Steppan. A recent Boston paper says: "The Travery Grand English opera Company is the first organization to attempt a road tour with Grand Opera for almost four years." Guess the writer of that note has never heard of the Standard Grand English Opera Company, under management of Mr. Thomas, which appeared in our Opera House a short time ago. John Francis Gilder, the pianist, who comes from a very musical family and who was the pupil and friend of the great Gottschalk, is dealing with his reminiscences of the great artists he has seen and heard. He thinks that one Henry Herz was the first "great" pianist he ever heard in America. He "heard the peerless Jenny Lind sing at Castle Garden" and although he paid only \$1 for admission, "was fortunate enough to get a good seat". That was forty years ago. "She was dressed all in white and the expression of her face as she sang was simply charming," he says and "her voice had that crystal quality of tone peculiar to the Swedes." On the street she was remarkably plain looking, but when she smiled an almost angelic light broke over her face and seemed to completely transform her features.

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Rhea entered into the true spirit of her part as "Beatrice" in her acting, and gave abundant proof, if such were needed, of her ability and well-deserved reputation. Her supporting company, of which Mr. W. S. Hart is leading man is a good one, and if all the plays of the week are as well given as was that of Monday evening last, theatre goers will have but little occasion to grumble. It was splendid to see the admirable manner in which "Much Ado" was costumed, the dresses of the ladies being revelations (if that is the right word), while those of the gentlemen were rich and elegant, both tending to make the stage look well, even when the scenery was not specially new. It was a pleasure by contrast to the modern society drama. There are not many society companies now-a-days with wardrobe that would permit them to do one of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Hart as Benedick gave a good clear interpretation of his part; he has a good articulation and was most impressive in his quiet speech, particularly where he challenges Claudio. The role of the prince was carefully done by Mr. M. L. Alsop and Dogberry was made prominent by the clever work of our old friend Mr. Fred Hight, who received a cordial welcome from his many friends in the goodly sized audience.

"Daughter of Eve" is the name given to Marie Wainwright's new play. The Augustin Daly company will begin its regular season at the home theatre, 26th November. Sardou's new play "Gismonda" will be produced in New York by Fanny Davenport in December. Miss Ada Rehan's stay at Hollis theatre, Boston, which begins on Monday next will, last but two weeks. Joe Jefferson will revive "The Cricket on the Hearth" and has engaged Minnie Radcliffe to play Dot. Mrs. Julia Neilson, the wife of Ellen Terry's only brother Fred, has temporarily retired from the stage. Robert B. and John B., the sons of the late Bartley Campbell, are producing their father's most successful play, "The Galley Slave."

Mrs. Thomas Barry is a member of the company supporting Miss Ada Rehan in her starring engagement. Mrs. Barry is well known in St. John. A Miss Ethel Tucker, is playing at the Grand Museum in the "New Magdalen." Mlle Rhea gave this play here last Tuesday evening. Maurice Barrymore was privately married a short time ago to Mary Floyd, daughter of the late W. H. Floyd, for many years a manager of Wallack's theatre. Miss Amy Busby is again in Richard Mansfield's company. This is a clever actress and a sister of Miss Georgie Busby, who was here in Hawkins' company in 1893. Napoleon I. is the central figure in the new play which has been written for the younger Salvini and which he will produce this season. He will open in Milwaukee, 1st Oct. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of "Robert Elsmere," has written a play which is much approved by Henry Irving and will probably be produced by him next season. Speaking of Tim Murphy's new play, "Lem Kettle," recently produced at the Park theatre, Boston, a critic says, "Lem Kettle" may live one season through, but will hardly survive longer.

The greater part of the scenery for the new Castle Square theatre, Boston, will be painted by Sidney Chidley. A specimen of his skill is found in the drop curtain of the Opera House in this city. It is said the melodrama, "Old Glory," put on at the Bowdoin square theatre, Boston, last week, as an American play, is in fact an English melodrama, re-written and re-arranged to suit a United States audience. "Darkest Russia," with Will S. Harkins in the cast, is the bill at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston. Of this play it is said: "Although the playwright commands attention its success is largely augmented by the manner in which it is staged and costumed." Hoyt, who provided "A Trip to Chinatown" and a number of similar works, has recently produced another entitled "A Black Sheep." A paper says it was recently "tried on the dog" at Buffalo, and the people of that city gave it their unreserved approval. Miss Jessie Villers, who was here with Bradley's players in Mechanics' Institute a few seasons ago, is playing in "Gentleman Jack," Champion Corbett's play. It is on at the Park theatre, Boston, this week. Miss Villers is now called "a character comedienne."

Adelina Patti has known all the crowned heads of her time, and to some she has afforded great amusement. Once after dinner at Marlborough house, when sipping her cup of coffee, she exclaimed, "Bah! I do not like your coffee!" The Prince of Wales was vastly amused both at the remark and Patti's evident penitence. The old German emperor was equally amused when he invited her and her father to join him one day in an early morning walk at Hamburg, and received the impulsive reply, "Not you, nor anyone else in this world at 9 o'clock in the morning!"

THE OPEN LETTER.

The particulars of a remarkable cure of consumption, after the patient had reached the last stages, related in the article published in PROGRESS last week under the heading "An Open Letter from a Prominent Physician," has caused much comment. It is well known that physicians, as a rule, are averse to speaking words of praise for an advertised medicine, however meritorious it may be, and when one of them casts this prejudice aside and gives in plain unvarnished language the particulars of a case that must rank among the most remarkable in the practice of medicine, it is not only a noteworthy triumph for the medicine in question, but also reflects credit on the physician who has cast aside his professional prejudice and gives the result of his use of the medicine for the benefit of suffering humanity. In the articles published from time to time, vouched for by reliable newspapers, the public have had the strongest evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a medicine of remarkable merit, and now to these is added on the authority of a well known physician, over his signature, the particulars of a cure of consumption through the timely use of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. It cannot be too widely known that a remedy has been found that will cure this hitherto deadly and unconquered disease, and if any of our readers have not read the article to which we refer we would advise them to look up last week's issue and give it a careful perusal. The facts related may prove of valuable assistance in a time of need.

Satirical Picture in a Church. There is probably only one church in Britain which contains a satirical picture. It is the little church of South Brent, in Somersetshire. On three oak pews are carved pictures which were intended to satirize the greed of a certain religious dignitary at Glastonbury. This ecclesiastic is represented in the first picture as a fox dressed in robes and mitre, and holding a crook in his right paw. In the second picture the fox has been manacled by a flock of geese, and in the third the birds have revenged themselves on their foe by hanging him from a branch of a tree.

A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

Thought he was going to die before summer was out but he's alive and well and working to-day. SOMERSET, Man., Sept. 17th.—"Hard Times" is the cry from farmers in this country. Arthur Coley, a farmer living near here, has had double reason to cry "hard times," for eight months ago he lay on his back in his bed, a victim of Bright's Disease. He acknowledges that he expected to be dead before the end of summer, but his expectations have been most pleasantly disappointed, and all summer he has worked on his farm just as though he had never known a day's illness. Last spring he began taking Dodd's Kidney Pills and a few boxes completely cured him, as they have every other victim of this disease who has used them.

The Maiden's Fate.

"I may as well tell you," said the brave swimmer, as he reached the side of the struggling girl who was just going down for the third time, "that I have a wife, and you cannot marry me as reward for saving your life." With a despairing cry the maiden threw up her hands and sank from view.

A Memo for Dr. Christie.

Mr. Huggins—What do you think of the latest medical dictum that kissing is unhealthy?

Mr. Hunker—it is quite true. Mr. Munn happened to catch me kissing his daughter, and I was laid up a whole week.

FALL AND WINTER Millinery Opening



Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th, when we will show the latest novelties in Trimmed Hats Toques and Bonnets, from Paris, London and New York. Ladies are cordially invited. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

Thursday Excursions.

THE STEAMER "CLIFTON" will leave Indiantown every THURSDAY morning at 9 o'clock (weather permitting) for Hampton. Returning will leave Hampton at 8:30 p. m., arriving at Indiantown at 7 o'clock. Fare to all points, round trip 50 cents. R. G. EARLE, Captain.

SAFFORD RADIATORS

FOR HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING LEAD THE WORLD.



Prices to meet competition of cheap styles. All the most prominent buildings in Canada are heated with "SAFFORD" Radiators.

THE LARGEST RADIATOR MANUFACTURERS UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.

Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces: W. A. MACLAUCHLAN, 51 Dock St ST. JOHN, N. B.

Two Great Shows

—IN—

Halifax

—AND—

Charlottetown

Will be seen by tens of thousands of people next week. Do not fail to inspect the splendid exhibit of Carriages in both places that will be made by JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

Until further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at 12:30 (standard). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m., and Portland at 6 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. EARLE, Agent.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER.

THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRAKNER, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, and hull entirely rebuilt, and strictly under Dominion inspection, with full notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8:30 o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown Wharf each way. FARE—St. John to Salmon River or Range...\$1.25 Or return tickets good for 30 days, continuous passage...\$2.00 Intermediate points as low as by any other steamer. This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week. All EXCESS must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board. All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following. No return tickets less than 40 cents. Wm. McMULLEN, C. RABBITT, Agent at Indiantown.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Mass; Glen Cifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 8:40 a. m., for St. John and stopping points. R. G. EARLE, Captain.

Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED.)

The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 7 a. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, and other points on the river. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday. Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth. L. E. BAKER, Managing Director.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock

MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Oliveira, leave St. John every day, (except Sunday) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 9 a. m., for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation permits. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a station paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 German street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for five cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 22.

WATCH MARS NEXT WEEK.

In about a week Mars will be nearer to us than ever before, and we will probably find out more about its mysteries than we did about the eclipse of the moon a few days ago. "The red planet Mars" is now only about forty million miles away, and is coming nearer every day. Already it is so close that astronomers have claimed that beyond doubt Mars has no atmosphere, or if any at all, one far slier than that of Leadville, Colorado, where no cats can live. So the story of MAX ADLER and his Mars cat will have to be relegated to the realms of fiction. And as an atmosphere is essential to the proper development of humankind, there is probably no person on Mars with mind so well developed as to think out a scheme of signalling to the inhabitants of this world.

The past week has been a very bad one for the theory which has been the basis of so many clever paragraphs and learned essays. It has been shown by eminent authorities that the triangular lights at the poles are not signals to the people of this earth, or of any other of the planets, but are simply the reflections from large glaciers. And the theories of yesterday are further smashed by the announcement that the canals do not contain water. Perhaps the most disgusted man at the late investigations is that eminent Canadian scientist, Prof. E. STONE WIGGINS. His Martian theory is shorter-lived than any of his recent ones, with the single exception of his plan of squaring the circle, which was still-born. His ideas as to the connection of Mars with our first parents have been authoritatively shown to be as absurd as they appeared on their face to be, and Prof. WIGGINS has been proved to be as deficient in hindsight as he is assuredly in foresight. Meanwhile the planet is slowly coming nearer its watchers, still bearing out the admirable character given it by LONGFELLOW:

Serene, and resolute, and still, And calm, and self-possessed.

THE C. P. R.'S COUNTERPART.

A fact of the greatest international importance is that the great Russian counterpart of the Canadian Pacific, the Trans-Siberian railway, is being so rapidly built that it is probable that it will be finished by the first year of the twentieth century. The Russian bear will then have an up-lifted paw ready to strike the Canadian beaver, and Europe will be uneasy than for years past. But it, after the Korean and Nicaraguan difficulties are settled, nations resolve to make the coming century "the hundred years of peace," all can now rejoice in the approaching completion of the Trans-Siberian railway. For with this that which has till lately been a visionary vision of dreamers of dreams—an "all-rail line" from the shores of the English channel around the world to the Atlantic coast of America—will come within the range of probability.

The Portland Transcript, which is pretty friendly to Canadians and is not averse to showing that Canada is getting to be more of an independent country every day, says that "it is now possible for a sea going vessel to go from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes by way of the Canadian canals exclusively." This is a very awkward way of saying what the Transcript wishes to say, as a person not acquainted with the country or a map of it might suppose that there were no St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. What the editor meant to write was that a vessel can go from the Gulf to the Great Lakes without passing through United States waters, as formerly. But in order to be thoroughly accurate, he should be a little more explicit. A ship could formerly go into both Lakes Ontario and Erie without passing through United States waters.

At least one town council in the maritime provinces has had amazing difficulties in regard to the building of a new

school-house, because of their divers objections and opinions. To such a provincial council the new school house complication in Woburn, Mass., will be of interest. The council's row over the contracts, the city solicitor's assertion that the award was illegal, the veto by the acting mayor in the board of aldermen, are all to be pitched overboard by the school trustees, who intend to let the contract and build the houses, and make the city foot the bill.

The general conference of the Methodist church at London, Ont., urges the young people not to lose their Methodist identity in the breadth and unity of the Christian Endeavor movement. This is, from a Methodist standpoint, very good advice; but equal good advice, now that the Epworth endeavors are doing so well what they endeavor to do, is for young people not to lose their identity with the Christian Endeavor movement in the breadth and unity of any church to which they may happen to belong.

The Sunday newspaper is being denounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. This good man, however, is not ignorant, as Mr. CHARLTON appears to be, that about all of the work on Sunday newspapers is not done on Sunday. His reasons in condemning the Sunday press are much more sensible. They are that some newswriters of the United Kingdom, who sent a deputation to him, work seventeen hours a day on seven days of the week.

Shipping Egyptian cotton to the United States and shipping Joggins coal to Parrisboro are not the only late instances of what goes under the general name of "shipping coals to Newcastle." Owing to large over-sales both Savannah and Charlestown are buying foreign rice, while Baltimore is laying in a supply of California canned fruit.

History repeats itself. It was an HORATIUS (the poet-historian has dropped his other names for the sake of memory and metre) who kept the bridge "in the brave days of old," and it was HORATIUS COCLYS TROWBRIDGE who kept the Suspension bridge at Niagara this week against an invading host of American smugglers.

The intellectual compositor is no respecter of persons. What Queen VICTORIA said when she presented colors to the marines at Manchester was "the badge of my uncle WILLIAM IV." The genius of the composing room is responsible for this phrase's appearance in the official report as "the gaze of my uncle GEORGE IV."

CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW is authority for the statement that trade in the United States is going to revive to a most cheering extent within the next few years. "In 1897," says CHAUNCEY, "it will be the most glorious country that was ever known." That is the time when Mr. DEFEW would rather be president.

General BOOTH is a better student of human nature than was General CONEY. He has solved the question as to how to keep girls in "the Army" by changing the styles of the Hallelujah bonnets.

The women who defeated BRECKINRIDGE should in future be allowed to vote, if they so desire.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The October number of the Delineator has been received by Macaulay Bros. & Co. The series of "Mother and Daughter" articles are continued, as is the series on "The Women's Colleges of the United States." Fitting out the "Family for Autumn and Winter" is a timely article. In connection with fashion magazines the following dialogue was overheard: "Why is it that the faces of people in fashion-plates are so expressionless?" "Why, because the people wouldn't look like fashionable folks if there were any expression in their faces." The Delineator takes a different view from that of the cynic in the dialogue. Its fashion plates are full of expression, both as regards face and raiment.

"The South may Save the Nation," is the remarkable title of a remarkable article in the November issue of the September Donahoe's. Susan E. Crocker, M. D., has an article on the requisites of a woman physician, and Mary Temple Bayard tells of the arduous life of a trained nurse. A plea for more thorough training in ecclesiastical seminaries is made by Rev. J. A. Zahm, of Notre Dame. In a division of his subject entitled "The Spread of Evolution among Catholics," he says: "To see to what extent philosophy, theology, history and literature have been affected by contemporary science, and by evolutionary teaching, one need only take up any of the countless works on those topics which have appeared during the generation just ending. The influence is especially conspicuous in the works of non-catholic authors, but even in the case of Catholics, who are naturally more conservative, the effect is noticeable and often striking."

Napoleon seems to have had his picture taken as often as Christopher Columbus. Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard has one of the world's greatest collections of Napoleonic prints, and it is these that the publishers of McClure's Magazine have lately been at such great pains to secure. One

hundred and fifty of these pictures have been selected and will be published in six issues of the magazine, beginning with the November issue. These portraits will constitute a more complete series of "Human Documents" than that enterprising magazine has yet given. Napoleon is not the only member of his family whose portraits will appear, however. There are portraits of his mother, father, brothers and sisters, of Josephine and Marie Louise, and a complete series of his son; of his generals, marshals and others who served him in field and cabinet; and of some of his great opponents. Besides these, there are reproductions of paintings of battle scenes and of places connected with his career.

A NEW BRUNSWICK EXHIBIT.—The Display of Carriages the Messrs. Edgecombe Propose to Make.

One of the most important of New Brunswick industries—the carriage and sleigh manufactory of Messrs. John Edgecombe & Sons at Fredericton—will be well represented at the provincial exhibitions in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia next week.

Both exhibitions are held on the same dates, and this enterprising firm found it necessary to divide their show, but still their exhibits both at Charlottetown and Halifax will do credit to them and to the province.

It was no easy task to get both exhibits ready in season and when it was found more time was needed arrangements were made to send the carriages forward by express in order that the shows might be as perfect as possible.

The firm will be represented in Prince Edward Island by Mr. A. J. Edgecombe, and in Halifax by Mr. Wm. J. Edgecombe, both of them practical and energetic men.

A representative of PROGRESS saw many of the carriages that will be sent next week at these exhibitions. They were being shipped and looked as bright and new as paint and varnish could make them. In style it would be impossible to surpass them in this country, while the general workmanship upon them is of such a high character that it is not necessary to emphasize it here.

One of the first carriages on the floor to attract attention was the three quarter seat open wagon, the top of which was finished in light mahogany, making it as attractive as possible. One could see at a glance that the wagon was a light one, but it was hardly possible to believe that it only weighed 125 pounds until it was subjected to a personal test.

Another one of the most useful of all carriages in use now, was the open "Bangor" finished in green leather. It was also intended for the Island exhibition. The feature of this wagon was its appearance of great strength and the bent stretchers that connected the axles. It was very low, and the springs powerful, yet easy.

A four-wheeled dog-cart, handsomely finished with silver trimmings, and upholstered as richly as any, was the next attraction. A few of these are already in use in this city. They are becoming more popular every year. There can be either one or two seats, and when the rear seat folds up it completes a very comfortable rest for the front seat, making with the upholstery a perfect box.

A two seated phaeton, elegantly trimmed, with lamps and fenders, and complete in every way as a small family carriage, was also being made ready for shipment to the Island. The drop axle made it so low as to be easily entered, and this, in these days, seems to be one of the requisites of all good carriages.

Perhaps a plainer carriage and yet one that is more convenient than the most of them is the patent jump seat buggy, which by an ingenious contrivance can be made either a one or two seated covered carriage. It carries four as easily as two, and yet has not the appearance of weight that some other carriages have. For example, the Surrey family carriage is larger and heavier. Still it possesses advantages that the other does not, and is as necessary in its way for some people as the other is convenient. The handsome Surrey on the floor was intended for Halifax, though it is already sold to a gentleman in Truro, who has consented to its being exhibited. With its fenders, lamps and trimmings, it makes a very handsome appearance.

Something similar to this family carriage is the "cut under extension top," which can always be depended to carry all the family, provided it is not too large. It is so made, however, that while commodious, it is not too heavy. The one PROGRESS saw had gold mountings and lamps, and was finished with green cloth trimmings, and the front and back fenders made it next to impossible for any mud to be thrown on the occupants.

A handsome open carriage was the Concord, next in order, which, with its drop axles, and light yet firm structure makes model business wagon.

Another of the carriages intended for Charlottetown was the American King spring buggy, the price of which has been fixed at one hundred dollars. Formerly this buggy sold readily for one hundred and sixty-five dollars, but it goes rapidly at the reduced rate.

An express wagon, neat and compact, was also among the list of those to be sent away. In all there were twelve carriages

to be sent away to the Island and twelve to Halifax. Among others was an open piano box with side springs, still a favorite with many people, a canopy top phaeton, a perfect ladies carriage, which sets low on the axle, and has fenders and lamps. Then there was an American road wagon, somewhat similar to the business Concord, and yet different enough to attract plenty of purchasers.

Horsemen will be interested in the two-wheeled cart, suitable either for road or track purposes, and weighing only fifty-two pounds. This gives but an inadequate idea of the exhibit as it really is. Many of the carriages were already packed and but a superficial view could be had of them, but all of those who read PROGRESS, and who visit these exhibitions will find it both to their pleasure and interest not to miss the exhibits of Messrs. Edgecombe.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

"The Master of the 'Scud.'" There's a schooner out from Kingsport, Through the morning's dazzle-gleam, Scoring down the Bay of Fundy With a norther on her beam. How the tough wind springs to wrestle, When the tide is on the flood! And between them stands young, daring Arnold, master of the "scud." He is only "Martin's yonkerster" To the Misses coasting fleet, "Twelve year old, and full of Satan As an egg is full of meat." With a wake of froth behind him, And the gold-green waste before, Just as the sun sets this morning Were his boat-pond by the door. Legs a-straddle grasp the tiller This young wail of the old sea; When the wind comes harder, only Laughs "Hurrah!" and holds her free. Little wonder, as you watch him With the dash in his blue eye, Long ago his father called him "Arnold master," on the sly. Now the win' grows moody, shifting Point by point into the east, Wind and wing the "scud" is flying With her scuppers full of yeast. And the father's older wisdom On the sea has been described, Like a stealthy cloud-bank making 'Up to wind ward with the tide, Those tall navies of disaster, The pale squadrons of the fog, That maraud this gray world border With a pilot, clear or log. Ragged warden as excursions From Minaudie to Mannan. "Heave to, and we'll reef, my master!" Cries he, when no will of man Spills the fressal, but a clumsy Wind-draw with a hand like stone Hurts the boom round. In an instant Arnold, master, there alone, Sees a crushed corpse ah! to leeward, With the gray doom in its fee; And the pluming foam receives it To its everlasting place. What does Arnold, master, think you? Whisper like a child for dread? That's not Arnold. Foullest stretcher Strongest sailors ever bred. And this slip of tenant sea-faring Grows a man who throts fear, Let the storm and dark in spite now Do their work with valor ere! N. a reef and not a shiver, While the wind jeers in her shrouds, And the flauts of foam and sea-gull Swarm upon her deck in crowds. Flies the "scud" like a mad racer; And, with iron in his frowns, Holding hard by wrath and dreadnaught, Arnold, master, rides her bows. Let the taffrail shriek through foam-heads! Let the light sea-gull give a yell! Elsewhere their old hunger baffled! Arnold's making for the Gut. Cleft sheer down the sea-wall mountains Give that one port on the coast; Made, the vessel lies in sunshine, Mused, the little "scud" is lost! Come now, fog-horn, let your warning Rip the wind to starboard there! Suddenly that burly-throated Welcome ploughs the cumbered air. The young master hauls a little, Crowds her up and sheets her home, Heading for the narrow passage Where the safety signals come. Then the wind lulls, and an eddy Teils of ledges, where away; Veers the "scud," sheet free, sea breaking Through the rills, and there's the bay! Like a bird in from the storm-beat, As the summer sun goes down, Shows the schooner in his moorings By the wharf at Digby town. All the world next morning wondered, Largest letters, there it stood: "Storm Fender, A Boy's Darling, Arnold, Master of the scud."

A Song of The Rain.

A year ago in old Grand Pre, A sweeping storm came down; The wild wind cried, the tide was low, Out on the marshes brown, Songs of the rain on the homestead roof, With ours beneath kept time; Singing as day dreams sing to us, Of love in some fairer clime. How of an now that passing storm, As singing I heard it rise; The round world's mighty organ peal, Dying against the skies, Moves down the avenue of day, Gilding softly along; Blending a vanished voice with mine, In a strain of immortal song. That far off music echoes still, And brings from its lofty height, Rain drops falling in whispers sweet Like friendship in sorrow's night. The breath of time will bear to me The sound of a cherished name; That go what may with the ebbing time That music is just the same. The leaves fall dead about my feet, The surges from the shore, Call loudly to the dear old home, Their white hands try the door. A spirit sits a minstrel's harp, In the long dark wings of rain; A sweet chord from a loving hand I never may clasp again. Out of your song, O sobbing rain; My tear-wet faces take; Whispering through their sealed eyes, Till my heart with pain must break. Over their holy dreaming here, The symbol of peace is spread; Oh who will lift us the shadow veil, Beyond our beautiful dead. Acadia Hall, Sept. 1894. CYRUS GOLDIE.

"ENGLISH, YOU KNOW."

WHAT A YOUNG DUDE DID IN THE GOOD TOWN OF TRURO.

He Lived on the Fat of the Land and the Prospects of a Check From Home—How He Made the Acquaintance of the Constable and Jail.

There arrived in Truro about the 15th August last an Englishman named Frank J. Bradley, of Birmingham, Eng. Like all other tramp Englishmen he had wealthy relations 'ome in England and was travelling just for the sport of the thing. Should he, however, find time between his numerous social engagements he proposed placing on the Canadian and American markets hair pins and curling tongs of an improved pattern which would be universally adopted by the ladies. Previous to his coming to Truro he had been doing Halifax, where he arrived from England about the 12th of December last. While in Halifax he boarded at Mrs. Ackhurst's, corner of Victoria Road and Queen street, and when he left that city he forgot to pay his boarding mistress a board bill amounting to \$25. He also neglected calling on A. E. McManu, the fashionable tailor and paying that gentleman the sum of \$20 for fancy shirts, etc. He had a misunderstanding with T. A. S. DeWolfe & Sons which resulted in that firm coming out the wrong end of the horn to the tune of \$35. When he arrived in Truro he had about \$14 on his person and began immediately to "blow" himself. He cracked a couple of bottles of champagne and the boys of the town at once placed him on the "dead game sport" list. He dressed faultlessly, wore a four inch straight standing collar, kept his red leather boots like polished brasses of a locomotive, changed his linen twice a day and smoked cigarettes until he perspired nicotine. He was soon "on his uppers," to use a common expression, but there was a cheque for \$250 on the way from England. On the strength of this cheque he called on several hotel proprietors around town and asked them to lay in an extra supply of Geo. H. Mamm's extra dry as he wished to take a bath of that delicious beverage as soon as his money arrived from England. Though he had a room at the Lizard hotel he spent a considerable portion of his time at the Prince of Wales. He was very entertaining and was a general favorite with the ladies. He would tell them amid breathless silence of his miraculous escapes while tiger hunting in India and of his numerous expeditions up the Nile searching for the scalps of the Soudan's nose who annihilated General Gordon and his forces. He was a very good pianist and would amuse the ladies for hours singing London concert hall songs. He went driving with them quite frequently and lavished his patent hair pins and curling tongs on the dear creatures until the merchants around town complained that their local trade for those articles was demoralized. Time passed on and no cheque arrived. In the meantime the hotel people had ordered and received a big supply of champagne and were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Bradley's money, as they could not afford to carry along such an enormous stock of the sparkling water for any great length of time. The cheque had left England, and it was the fault of our "beastly" slow local banks that he had not received his money. However, it would be along in a day or two and everything would be all right. In the meantime his accounts at the Learment and Prince of Wales were fast approaching the century mark and the popular "Andy" Learment and Mrs. McKenzie were beginning to feel a little anxious as to the whereabouts of the cheque. At last he discovered why the cheque had not arrived. His brother was coming out on his tour around the world, and was bringing the "stuff" with him. Last week he announced that his brother had left England and would arrive at Rimouski on the following Saturday by the mail steamer. On Friday he told the boys around town that he intended leaving on Monday to join his brother in Montreal, and asked the Learment and Prince of Wales people for his accounts. He produced a fraudulent cablegram signed by his father, saying the cheque would reach him the next day (Saturday). On the strength of this cablegram he called on Mayor Turner, worked him for a V. touched up the venerable Archdeacon Kaubach for that amount and borrowed five dollars from Mcintosh, the tailor. The same afternoon without proprietor Learment's knowledge he managed to get his trunk and valises transferred from the hotel to the baggage room where he had them checked for Windsor junction. Saturday morning Bradley was missing and a search of his room revealed the fact that he had decamped, bag and baggage. He had arisen quite early and walked to Brookfield, eight miles out of town where he boarded the early train for Windsor junction en route to Uncle Sam's domain via the W. & A. The Yarmouth chief of police was notified to be on the lookout for him and to arrest him should he put in an appearance there. Late Saturday night word was received that Bradley had been arrested and was safely lodged in the "cooler." After listening to an eloquent discourse by the Rev. Mr. Cumming on Sunday evening Mayor Turner proceeded to the residence of J. W. Johnson, J. P., and swore out an indictment against Brad-

ley, charging him with obtaining money under false pretences. The papers were placed in the hands of Policeman Green, and he started for Yarmouth on Monday morning to bring Bradley back to Truro. When it became known around town that the entertaining Englishman had skipped out the boys all said "I told you so," while the girls unanimously agreed that the "horrid mean thing" never saw India. TOMMY HOPKINS.

GRASSHOPPERS STOP TRAINS.

This was not in Kansas, but in Fair Chantauqua, New York. PROGRESS readers will remember a racy story of grasshoppers stopping trains in the far West, as told by a western driver. A prominent New Yorker recently said in reference to this tale: "It was regarded in the East as a wild reach of the western imagination. I believe no one had deeper doubt of it than myself. But I doubt no longer, for I was on a train the other day, right in our own State of New York, which was stopped by Grasshoppers as effectively as the engineer with his air brakes could have stopped it."

"The railroad was the Chautauqua Lake Railroad, and the train was on its way between Mayville and Jamestown. All that region has had a most destructive visitation of grasshoppers this year, crops, foliage, and even hay, cut and housed, having been absolutely eaten up clean by the ravenous insects. That day the passengers on the train noticed that frequently it would gradually slow up and come almost to a standstill, but after a while regain somewhat of its regular speed. At last, though, after slowing up, and the engine working in a way that showed that the engineer was making his greatest effort to overcome whatever the obstacle was to the progress of the train, it came to a dead standstill. A trainman was hurrying through the car I was in, and I asked him what was the matter.

"Grasshoppers," said he. We're stalled again by grasshoppers. "Nobody believes him, of course, but I got out of the car, and it wasn't long before I found that he was in earnest. Grasshoppers had effectively stopped the train. The rails behind us as far as anyone could see were two glistening lines of grease. So far as any one could see ahead the railroad tracks were hidden by untold numbers of grasshoppers. Men had to be sent ahead to sweep or shovel or scrape the insects off the rails. By dint of much sand and steam the train was at last got under way, but for nearly two miles the advance guard of trainmen had to keep the train clear of grasshoppers immediately ahead of the locomotive wheels, before we had passed out of that tremendous swarm of insects fat on bursting on the crops of the Chautauqua region and the train could go on its way without danger of further stalling. I learned that the trains on that road had been unable to make anything like schedule time for several days, and that no trip had been made on any train in that time on which it had not been stopped more than once by the crushing of grasshoppers on the rails.

From "The Empire," Sept. 13th, 1894. Window Shades.

In the north-west corner of the Main Building on the second floor is an exhibit which daily attracts thousands of visitors. The handsome display is that of Menzie, Turner & Co., of 21 Bay street, the well-known window shade makers, and manufacturers of all sorts of window and shade fixtures, including the latest improvements. Their "Imperial" shade is the finest ever seen in Canada and should be inspected by anyone contemplating the erection or refurbishing of a home.

This company manufacture annually a vast quantity of shades, and their trade is fast developing into enormous proportions. Through the trade they supply shades for public buildings, offices and private houses—in fact for all kinds of buildings. Contractors and house-furnishers are recommended to see this exhibit, which is certainly one of the finest and most attractive to be seen anywhere on the Fair grounds.

The development of this company's trade is indicative of the prosperity of the city and country. The exhibit is a credit to the Industrial Exhibition Association and to the city from which it comes—Toronto.

A Fable Brought Down to Date.

Two men who had found an oyster which each of them claimed as his returned their dispute to a lawyer, who ate the oyster and awarded them a shell apiece. Immediately after they organized the great Oyster-Shell trust, issuing \$10,000,000 debentures secured by a first mortgage on the shells, retained the lawyer as their legal adviser, purchased several senators and lived happy ever afterwards. The moral of this fable is: Do not throw away the shells even after the lawyer has eaten the oysters.

Banks' Association With the "Piscayune."

The New Orleans Piscayune mentions the fact that the late General Banks was some what intimately associated with that paper, as during his military administration at New Orleans, becoming displeased with the Piscayune, he seized the office, occupied it with a guard of soldiers and put a stop to its publication for several weeks. Subsequently the matter was arranged, and the Piscayune remains to-day the only anti-bellum paper published in New Orleans in the English language that survives.

Fall Millinery Opening.

Charles K. Cameron & Co., announce their fall opening of millinery for September 27th, 28th, and 29th, next Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "Opening days" in this line are looked forward to by the ladies with much pleasure and Mr. Cameron always has a stock that for variety and style cannot fail to please them. Remember the days and be sure to go.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

Social and Personal.

"MEAT AND MORALS."

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Only One Dollar. BEST FOUNTAIN SYRINGE, WORTH \$1.75 EACH. Rubber Sheeting. American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS. To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, North End.

Ventilated Human Hair Goods. Latest Style in Frontpieces on hand and made to order. MISS KATIE HENNESSY, 113 Charlotte Street, Opp. Dufferin Hotel.

Just Received. GRANITE and WHITE AGATE WARE. Preserve Kettles, Tea Kettles, Saucepans, Tea and Coffee Pots. Sheraton & Whittaker, 88 King St., Telephone 358.

LADIES Living out of the City should send to us for Samples of our NEW AUTUMN and WINTER Dress Materials and Jacket Cloths. WE ARE ALSO SHOWING SPECIAL VALUES IN Navy Blue and Black Wool Storm Serges.

S.C. PORTER, 11 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte & Union Sts.

St. John—South End. On Saturday last Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Weldon entertained a few friends to meet Sir William and Lady Vanborne (who visited St. John this week.) Several rubbers of whist were played during the evening and a very large recherche supper enjoyed.

On Friday evening Mr. Fred Sturdee entertained a large number of his friends at a most enjoyable dance at Barrig Leadb, the residence of his parents, Wright street. Music was furnished by Harrison's orchestra, and was exceedingly fine.

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A number of friends of Mr. John Macaulay entertained him at supper at Lang's cafe on Monday evening, previous to his departure for Montreal, where he will take a course in medicine at McGill college.

One of the most delightful dances given this summer was that of the Misses Parks, Mount Pleasant, on Thursday evening when they were "at home" to a large number of their friends.

Miss Annie Lawton, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Edith Ralston, has returned home. Miss Winnie Scott left on Wednesday evening for Ottawa, where she will reside in future.

Miss Marie McJunkin has returned from a visit to friends in Boston. Mrs. Florence Land, of Lynn, Mass., who has been visiting Mrs. John Vaughan, Princess street, during the past three weeks, is at present the guest of Mrs. James Shaw, Golden Grove.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Day by day it is becoming more apparent that improperly prepared food has a pernicious influence upon all classes through all the various relations of life, and that good cookery is a power which should be recognized and acknowledged by all, for we believe in the intimate relation between what a bright woman called "Meat and Morals."

But it is impossible to have good cookery without good and pure materials. If Spices or Flavoring are required in any of your cookery use only our Absolutely Pure Spices, C. Tartar and Flavorings. They are the purest and strongest, and will give you the best possible results. Ask your Grocer for them and insist upon having them. DEARBORN & CO.

PERFUMES. HAIR GOODS. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

VISIT J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Don't Forget the Address, 75 Charlotte St., (over Warlock's).

HOT or COLD, WHICH? If YOU want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Coal or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street. Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John.

FRUIT. FRUIT. CHOICE PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS AND GLAPES AT BONNELL'S GROCERY, 200 UNION ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Our Autumn MILLINERY. Opening on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte & Union Sts.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

MONCTON SEES SNAKES-

A STARTLING ITEM IN A MONCTON NEWSPAPER

Sets "Coffrey" to Thinking About its Possible Dire Consequences—An Inquiry into Might Get Abroad that New Brunswick's Hub was a Veritable Menagerie.

MONCTON, Sept. 19.—"A small-sized snake, about ten inches in length, was killed by a pedestrian on the sidewalk near Bishop's tailor shop yesterday."

The above item occupied a conspicuous position in one of the local papers last Monday, and as I fear that it may be the cause of a false impression with regard to our city going abroad, I take the earliest opportunity of dispelling any erroneous opinions which may have been formed since its appearance.

I know quite well that there is not a man or woman of average intelligence living within the wide sweep of territory between Petitcodiac and Painsec Junction who would misunderstand that piece of intelligence, or take it for anything more than it was worth. They would instantly grasp the fact that the occurrence, though unusual, bore no special significance, but merely indicated that the poor little reptile possessed an intelligence beyond the majority of snakes, and realizing the oft-repeated fact that "Bishop's Tailor" was the man to go to for cheap clothing, it was simply hurrying towards his shop to secure its winter outfit, before the rush began when it was cruelly waylaid and killed, dying a martyr to its convictions. I am satisfied that there is not a man in Buctouche, Cocagne, Berry's mills—ay, or even Boundary Creek itself—who does not know that snakes are not in the habit of wriggling up and down the imposing asphalt sidewalks of Main street, or twining themselves gracefully about the ornamental facades and battlemented towers of Moncton's sumptuous railway station! No! the humblest farmer in Fox Creek knows better than that! But how about the more distant centres of commerce, whose citizens have not the advantage of knowing Moncton as she really appears to those who love her: the Moncton of today bereft of the meretricious glamor thrown over her by the guide books, and standing alone in the simple brunette beauty which shines modestly through her veil of coal smoke and cinder sidewalks. How about the capitalists of Europe, and the millionaires of Wall street? Shall these men who sway the destinies of nations be allowed to think of our city as a place where buffaloes are hunted in the market place, moose stalked in the public gardens, bears trapped on the esplanade, and venomous serpents slaughtered at the very door of the tailor shops? Surely not! And yet what other impression could the intelligent reader who did not know Moncton well, obtain from that one small item of news in Monday's paper? The very simplicity of the manner in which the event was described would lead anyone to suppose that it was an everyday matter scarcely worthy of comment. True the size of the reptile was mentioned, but very casually, "about ten inches in length." Evidently there was not sufficient excitement over the matter for it to be considered worth while to obtain an accurate measurement; and the name of the person who risked his life in exterminating the poor little fugitive, is not given to a grateful public. It takes quite an amount of nerve on the part of some people to kill a snake nearly ten inches in length, and yet the performance is considered such a trivial matter in a city where such horrors are of daily occurrence that the name of the hero, like that of the architect of Cologne cathedral, is suffered to remain in obscurity.

Now I don't want to find fault, and nothing could be further from my wish than to display a spirit of carping criticism, but I am warmly attached to the city of my adoption, I have her welfare truly at heart, and I am sufficiently public spirited to shake with most bitter apprehension from the effect that small paragraph may have upon her future prosperity. I am quite satisfied that no injury was intended in its publication, but still we know that

Evil is wrought by want of thought, Far more than want of heart, and what will be the result of the strenuous efforts, which have lately been made by our corporation and citizens, generally to increase the prosperity of Moncton if such damaging impressions are permitted to be given by our own papers to those who might in future be of some use to us?

Where was the use of our having helped ourselves to the property of the gas and water company and saddled the city with a debt of some hundreds of thousands of dollars which we can never pay and don't intend to worry ourselves with trying to pay; what booted it that we lowered the dog tax one-half, and made it possible for the humblest citizen to keep just as big a dog as the wealthiest capitalist in town by paying the modest fee of one dollar a year, if such a concession fails to bring forth the expected harvest, and is not followed by an influx of new residents, attracted to the

city by the prospect of living in a Utopia where the public debt was large enough for a place twice its size, and the tax on dogs so ridiculously small? What use is all this, I ask, when no self-respecting man is going to bring his family, or his dog either, to a city in which serpents ten inches long disport themselves in the public streets, and the one infallible remedy for snake bites is held captive in the iron grasp of the Scott Act?

I am afraid there will be disastrous results yet from that item, and I should not be surprised any day to hear that a party of English officers from one of the regiments at Halifax had arrived in town, and were staying at the Brunswick Hotel, their object being to shoot big game from the post office steps, or even that a train of immigrants were camping on the common preparatory to taking up claims on the fertile lands of the athletic grounds.

Worse still, the bulls and bears of Wall street, already referred to, may possibly hear of the matter and refuse the loan which will shortly be required to pay for our latest plunder—the water works, on the ground that bonds issued by a snake-infested city would scarcely be good security, and decline to assist us in any way until we either found a second St. Patrick to rid us of our enemies or strewed the principal streets with rough on rats, which is, I believe, warranted to be efficacious in destroying snakes, as well as rats.

Thus have our brightest prospects been imperiled, and our future prosperity jeopardized, by a few thoughtless words, hastily penned by a great man who doubtless never stopped to think how much harm may be done by one small paragraph in a widely circulated newspaper.

Of course there is just one chance for us—one hope that we may escape the consequences of that rash act, as by a miracle, and that is the remote possibility that neither the speculators of Wall street, the officers at Halifax, nor the intending immigrants from the older centres of civilization in Europe, may see the Moncton daily papers; but that is so slight a hope to build upon, that I have thought it best not to take it into serious consideration, but to endeavor to save the credit of the city myself, even as Paul Revere saved his countrymen, or the saint of Brezeng saved her native village." Hence this brief explanation, which I sincerely trust will have the desired effect.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE. "Victoria R."

While the grounds of Balmoral are not indiscriminately open to every one, yet it happened a year ago that a party of Americans tramping over the hills came suddenly upon an elderly lady sitting alone before a table and writing rapidly. "Tell me, madam," said one, politely lifting his hat, "are you far from Balmoral?" "You are far from Balmoral now," said the lady, "and I greatly fear you are trespassing."

Visions of Highland parties flitted through the heads of the party and they trembled, for they thought trespassing a serious thing in Britain. They respectfully announced their intention of getting into the public road at the first opportunity. There upon the lady wrote a line and handing it to them said, smiling, "Here is a safe conduct if you meet a bailiff." They walked off pleased with the stately courtesy of the charming old lady, and unfolded the "pass" to read, it possible, her name. "Victoria R." was all the slip contained.

ARE THE SCORES BOGUS?

HALIFAX OFFICERS ARE CHARGED WITH DISHONESTY

By the Officers of a Rival Battalion—63rd Rifles Deliberately Falsified the Target Practice Returns Sent to Ottawa.

HALIFAX, Sept. 20.—The 63rd Halifax Rifles and the 66th P. L. F. are two militia battalions of Halifax which latterly spent a considerable portion of their time watching each other. To use a slang expression—they don't trust each other "worth a cent." This is not as it should be. Esprit de corps is a good thing, but it is possible to carry it too far, and soldiers should be above taking anything approaching to an unfair advantage, while no corps should think another capable of doing so.

But the fact is that here in Halifax the rivalry between the 63rd Rifles and the 66th P. L. F., has carried the officers of those battalions beyond the mere "suspicion of unfair advantage" stage. Dishonesty in the making up of returns to the government is not publicly alleged, but it is privately asserted by the officers of the 63rd regarding their brethren of the 66th. The former have no hesitation in stating that the annual target practice returns of the latter battalion were falsified last year, in order that the 66th might secure a better place in the efficiency report than the Rifles. Last year the 66th were given the second place in efficiency of the whole Dominion force, while the Rifles came third.

Several elements enter into the competition for efficiency, rank, etc., which are taken into account, but a very important factor is the returns from annual target practice.

As already stated many of the best officers of the 63rd have not the slightest hesitation in privately asserting that the 66th officers last year deliberately falsified the target practice returns of their battalion, and sent in a set of bogus figures in order to secure a better position for their regiment than they otherwise could have secured. 63rd men say that a careful examination of those returns will show a scandalous manipulation of the figures before their transmission to Ottawa, and that the intentional inaccuracies or changes are apparent on the face of the returns. Your correspondent has carefully worded these charges made by the 63rd. He assumes no responsibility for them, merely assuring Progress that they have repeatedly been made and that he knows who have made them.

Here is proof that the 63rd Rifles fear a repetition of the 66th officers, conduct this year, and the facts speak for themselves. The 63rd had their annual target practice last week. The Halifax papers were ready and anxious to publish the scores made by the companies, but for the first time in years the figures were withheld from the press. The list of prize-winners appeared, but not a single score of the company target practice was published. The omission was so apparent as to cause remark. The explanation is not far to seek. It is, in short, that the 63rd officer determined the scores should not appear in print, and the 66th were not enabled to go one better, if it suited them, and make the scores they should forward to the militia department higher than the 63rd figures. That is the reason, and the only reason, the 63rd scores have not yet been published.

Whether the 63rd are just in their suspicions, or whether the 66th are capable of doing what they have been charged with doing, is not the purpose of your correspondent to show. The fact that such charges are boldly made is merely stated. It is a remarkable condition of affairs that such serious misconduct should be alleged and it would seem to be proper food for thought by General Herbert. He must have perfect confidence in the 66th, for he has recently increased the battalion's establishment to 668. More than 100 recruits have already been secured to fill up the ranks to the new strength.

In this connection it is a well known fact that some years ago the rivalry between companies of the 82nd Charlotte town, in the matter of company target shooting, was so great that deliberate efforts were made to secure false signals from the markers by the respective companies. This was a matter merely between the companies. In this 63rd-66th rivalry things are, if the facts are as stated, much worse, for the returns to the government are falsified in order not only to secure the triumph of one battalion over another, but to give it a fictitious supremacy over nearly all the other corps in the Dominion.

How a Count Bluffed an Editor. An editor once called on General Boulanger's right hand man called Count Dillon, and made an urgent demand for a rather large sum of money to save his journal from ruin. After fully explaining the affair, he assumed a despairing look, and said in most dramatic tones. "In

the central part of this immense auditorium were collected one evening about three thousand persons. At about nine o'clock, the manager of the building came to the leader of the meeting, white with fright, and told him that the floor had sunk nearly a foot, and that in a few minutes more the tenons of the joists might be out of their sockets.

The floor would then fall through onto the Chinese museum, and the walls, sixty feet in height, would collapse and be precipitated, with the roof, upon the assembly. The leader explained to the person whom the audience expected next to hear, that by addressing the assembly from the end of the hall, he could withdraw the company from the sunken part of the floor to that where the front wall strengthened the joists to bear the weight of the people.

The reply to this that his own family were in the audience, and that he must get them out first. "You shall not!" said the leader; "a hint of danger, a rush and we shall all be under the fallen walls and roof. Five minutes' delay may kill us altogether."

As a boy in the audience I well remember my surprise at seeing the leader suddenly appear at the far front of the room, and tell the people that they would next be addressed from where he stood—the organ loft. As the audience turned and moved to the front the flooring rose six inches.

The people were entertained partly by an impromptu sentimental song in a voice without a quaver, in the very face of death, and as soon as practicable they were quietly dismissed.

Not a single individual in that great assembly was aware that, by the presence of mind of one man, an awful catastrophe had been averted. The imagination sickens at the thought of what would have been the consequence of a panic and sudden alarm by the failure of the courage of this man.

I am confident that, excepting the speaker referred to and the manner of the building, no one outside the immediate family of the man whose courage prevented this catastrophe has known the whole story till now.

The terror of those minutes before the crowd was moved and the floor rose toward its level was such, that he never, even in his own family, alluded to the scene, though he lived for forty years afterward.

UNDERCLOTHING.

WOOL VESTS FOR LADIES AT 75c. EACH.

THE chill feeling of the atmosphere in the morning and evening hours indicates the approach of our winter season and the same cool feeling will urge the necessity of a change in the texture or weight of our clothing, especially Knitted Underwear. Seeking ever to serve our customers' best interests, and to give the best value in the most suitable garments, we have made some especially large purchases at very low prices, which we will offer to our patrons.

(a)—White Cashmere Wool Vests (a slight admixture of cotton to prevent shrinkage), nicely finished, in three sizes—Slender, Women's and O. S. Women's.
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The regular prices of above two lines range from 85c. to \$1.10, and we have laid them out on our counters all sizes at one price.

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Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

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THE UNVEILING.
The Spring Hill Monument Causes a Breeze in Musical Circles.

SPRING HILL, Sept. 20.—The miners of Spring Hill are deserving of the warmest praise for their self-denying and successful efforts to erect a memorial to the 125 of their fellow workmen who perished on February 21st, 1891, by a fearful explosion in the mines. The 1,200 miners and boys have provided a monument to their memory, 24 feet high and costing about \$3,000.

While all were of one mind as to the desirability of the memorial there was not the same unanimity about the form it was to take, though the minority gracefully yielded to the wishes of the greater number. A strong section of the people contended that a monument was really of no practical value beyond being a mere memorial and they correctly contended that the best use to make of the money would be to build a memorial hall which should be the property of the miners, and would serve a useful purpose in every day life to the town of Spring Hill as well as a reminder of the heroic deed. This idea was voted down and the monument was decided upon. The beautiful work of art stands in a lot nearly midway between the cemeteries and the town.

The unveiling was a ceremony of much importance. The chief personages connected with it were Sir John Thompson and Sir C. H. Tupper, both of whom made impressive speeches. The proceedings passed off smoothly notwithstanding the little hitch of the forenoon. That hitch was in connection with the labor procession. Pioneer Lodge, P. W. A., rules the labor interests of Spring Hill and some other interests as well. It was the intention to have two bands in the procession, and naturally the Spring Hill band was to be one of them. Some time ago this band decided to charge \$2 per head for their services on any occasion. When the arrangements were being made for the procession Pioneer lodge requested the Spring Hill band to turn out. The reply was made that a scale of charges had recently been made by which Pioneer lodge as well as others would have to be guided. A correspondence ensued in which the committee acting for the lodge refused to agree to pay for the music and the band objected to play for nothing. The musicians, many of whom are members of the lodge, were fighting for a principle, for had they been engaged it is said they would have returned this fee to the monument fund. The lodge looked at the "principle" from another point of view, and they determined to ignore the Spring Hill band. Accordingly bands were imported from Westville and Stellarton. This led to further complications. The Methodist church is largely represented in the Spring Hill band. It was necessary to have a chorus on the platform at the unveiling to lead the singing. The friction between band lodge had the effect of keeping the Methodist choir out of this chorus, and the work fell wholly upon the Presbyterian choir.

All this was an undercurrent which the majority of people failed to see, and it did not interfere with the smoothness of the day's proceedings nor with the elation of the unveiling ceremonies. Some \$800 was realized during the day towards the monument fund and most of its cost had already been met by subscriptions, etc.

PRESENCE OF MIND.
An Awful Catastrophe Averted By a Chairman's Self-Control.

One of the "sights" of Philadelphia, fifty years ago, was a magnificent Chinese museum, whose treasures, collected by Mr. Dunn, a munificent merchant, were displayed in a building erected on the site on which now stands the Continental hotel. Over the museum was a long narrow upper room, about thirty-five feet high. It was a public hall, used for lectures and concerts, and with it was associated a most remarkable instance of presence of mind. A correspondent of the London Spectator tells the thrilling story.

In the central part of this immense auditorium were collected one evening about three thousand persons. At about nine o'clock, the manager of the building came to the leader of the meeting, white with fright, and told him that the floor had sunk nearly a foot, and that in a few minutes more the tenons of the joists might be out of their sockets.

The floor would then fall through onto the Chinese museum, and the walls, sixty feet in height, would collapse and be precipitated, with the roof, upon the assembly. The leader explained to the person whom the audience expected next to hear, that by addressing the assembly from the end of the hall, he could withdraw the company from the sunken part of the floor to that where the front wall strengthened the joists to bear the weight of the people.

The reply to this that his own family were in the audience, and that he must get them out first. "You shall not!" said the leader; "a hint of danger, a rush and we shall all be under the fallen walls and roof. Five minutes' delay may kill us altogether."

As a boy in the audience I well remember my surprise at seeing the leader suddenly appear at the far front of the room, and tell the people that they would next be addressed from where he stood—the organ loft. As the audience turned and moved to the front the flooring rose six inches.

The people were entertained partly by an impromptu sentimental song in a voice without a quaver, in the very face of death, and as soon as practicable they were quietly dismissed.

Not a single individual in that great assembly was aware that, by the presence of mind of one man, an awful catastrophe had been averted. The imagination sickens at the thought of what would have been the consequence of a panic and sudden alarm by the failure of the courage of this man.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Dr. Lachapelle, the eminent French specialist on Diseases of Children, states in his work, "Mother and Child," that with the exception of Dawson's Chocolate Creams I never subscribed or recommended any of the many worm remedies offered; as most of them contain mercury. From analysis, Dawson's Chocolate Creams contain no mercury. I have no hesitation in recommending them to my readers; they are effective, and being in the form of a Chocolate Cream, very palatable, and require no after medicine.

Dawson's Chocolate Creams. are NEVER SOLD in the form of a Chocolate tablet or stick but in the form of a delicious CHOCOLATE CREAM.

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Buy Minard's as it is the BEST.

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Buy Minard's as you may want it in a hurry.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

JACK'S INHERITANCE.

An elderly gentleman, whose chief idiosyncrasies are a rooted aversion to death and a fervent hatred for his heir and successor, is not exactly a novel character either in real life or on the stage. But there is a material difference in his behavior in the two situations, for whereas on the stage he is almost invariably turned to repentance by the beaux yeux of the young lady whom his heir has married, or by the maddening prattle of her tiresome children, and dies in the odor of sanctity distributing indiscriminate blessings, in real life he more often than not carries his spite with him to the grave, and leaves his posterity good reason to execrate his memory in the shape of an outrageously malicious will.

Sir Toby Bunskin, of Bunakin Hall, Fallowland, and No. 250 Grosvenor Square, London, was not at all like the traditional old gentleman of the stage. His hatred for his heir, Captain Jack Bunskin, of the Fiftiethancers, was not exaggerated, and did not betray him into foolish excesses, but it was sincere—the more so, perhaps, because it was absolutely unreasonable.

And Jack had long ago reconciled himself to a precarious existence on his pay, his wife, and the money he could raise by mortgaging his reversion to certain family estates which Sir Toby had not the power of willing away from him.

Now, although Sir Toby hated Jack so heartily, it must not be imagined that he was sufficiently lost to the decencies of society as to ignore his existence, to insult him in public, or even to be pointedly rude to him in private. Jack was always asked down to Bunakin Hall for the cover-shooting, he was expected to assist at the annual rent-dinner of Sir Toby's tenants, and at certain fixed seasons he was formally invited to Grosvenor Square. But there Sir Toby's recognition of his relative began and ended. He would not allow Jack a sixpence, nor would he have lent him £20 to save him from the bankruptcy court, or even from suicide.

The baronet was not very old—he was barely sixty—and for bodily vigour many a man of five-and-forty might have envied him. He rode regularly to hounds, was an experienced and successful deer-stalker, and could cast a salmon-fly with the best fishermen in Scotland; and he was addicted to none of the excesses which sometimes shorten the lives of men who indulge in hard exercise, for he neither ate too much nor drank too freely. In fact, he took excellent care of himself, and was on very good terms with his doctor. His friends said that he delighted in the idea of keeping Jack out of his inheritance as long as he possibly could.

Now, all men have their small weaknesses, and one of the most pronounced of Sir Toby's was a passion for literature and for plays of a sensational and blood-curdling description. He revelled in penny-dreadfuls and in soul-moving melodramas; he delighted in complicated plots of missing heirs, forged will, mysterious murders, and buried treasures. There was reason to suppose that many of his strong boxes, which presumably contained title-deeds and ancient leases, were in reality stuffed with rejected manuscripts and still-born dramas, declined with thanks.

Sir Toby was firmly impressed with the idea that had his station and duties been otherwise, he would have made his fortune as a detective, and nothing pleased him so much as endeavoring to discover the identity of an undetected murderer or the motive for a mysterious disappearance. Whenever such an event occurred, which was pretty often, Sir Toby used to invite long epistles to the Times, setting forth his theories.

It was one day early in spring that a great idea occurred to Sir Toby Bunskin. He felt in a peculiarly misanthropic humor, for Jack had been staying with him, and uncle and nephew had contrived to quarrel even more seriously than usual. Moreover, there had been published certain damaging facts in connection with one or two charitable institutions to which Sir Toby had intended to leave the greater part of his fortune, and he began to think that even Jack might not put his money to a much worse use than a pack of overpaid greedy officials.

It was in this humor that he had taken up a newspaper and studied the strange disappearance of Mr. Jabez Brown, an eminent Muddford merchant and millionaire, who had vanished from mortal ken in the most unexpected manner and without the slightest apparent reason. The amateur detective was strong in Sir Toby, as usual, and he fell to musing over the fate of Mr. Brown, and to evolving all manner of theories which might account for his singular absence. He was rich, eminently respectable, and universally looked up to in the commercial world. An examination of his affairs had proved beyond doubt that no financial embarrassment existed. Then he was a moral man, and there was no suspicion that he had eloped with somebody else's wife—or, indeed, that a lady was in any way connected with the case. He was perfectly sane and in good health, and no conceivable reason could be imagined for suicide.

"He may have been murdered, of course," thought Sir Toby; but this solution seemed commonplace—"there may be a woman in the case. Begad, I believe he is alive, at any rate. He may have disappeared out of pure caprice—found his responsibilities too troublesome; or perhaps he wanted to spite somebody." This last notion seemed to interest Sir Toby—it was really original that a man should disappear for such a motive. He pondered deeply for several minutes, and then he said to himself quite slowly—

"He may have bolted to spite his heir!" And then Sir Toby chuckled. "A lovely idea!" he continued. "Old Brown must have an heir—everybody has, or nearly everybody. Brown disappears—delight of his—heir—long search after Brown—body found in the Thames—much decomposed—but easily identified as that of Brown by servants in pay of heir—heir takes possession of property—heir—splendid time for a few weeks, when behold! Brown reappears—Brown alive and well—promptly kicks out the heir, and declines all responsibility for his debts! What a splendid situation! Wonder how my dear nephew would like it? I'd give five thousand pounds to see him." And Sir Toby burst into harsh, unpleasant laughter, and positively rolled about in his chair with ghoulish merriment. The idea pleased him so much that he sat up a good two hours later than usual, and when at last he went to bed it was with a firm determination to carry out his scheme.

Upon Sir Toby's preparations it is unnecessary to dwell. He contrived to pos-

sess himself without suspicion of several thousand pounds in ready money, for he had no intention of being left penniless during an absence that might be prolonged. He had to make up his mind as to what country he should select for the scene of his adventures, and, after much deliberation, he fixed upon America with a view of enjoying some wild sport in the Rocky Mountains and elsewhere.

Now, Sir Toby was a smart, dapper man who dyed his hair black and shaved clean his face, so he argued that if he bought a red wig and beard they would effectually disguise him until his own beard and moustache had had time to grow. When this happened he would exhibit his undyed hair to the public, and with a white head, a grizzled beard and moustache, and a pair of spectacles instead of his eye-glass, he felt sure that he could defy recognition. The main difficulty, of course, being how to furnish Jack with proofs of his death strong enough to enable him to take possession of his inheritance. But Sir Toby knew that queer things could be done in America, and once there he thought he could easily arrange by bribery that the body of some unknown traveller should be identified as that of Sir Toby Bunskin. But, instead of this necessity he armed himself with a pocket-book containing papers calculated to place the identity of the person carrying them beyond reasonable doubt. He also carefully destroyed every will that he had ever made, for he wished his nephew to inherit as much as possible. "The greater the rise," he chuckled, "the greater the fall. Up like a rocket, Jack, my boy, and down like a stick!"

When all these preparations were made, Sir Toby quietly left his home in Fallowland one day and did not return to it. His ostensible destination was the house in Grosvenor Square, but he passed the night at a hotel and started the next morning for Liverpool. In his red wig and queerly cut clothes his own valet would not have recognized him. At Liverpool he took a steamer passage for New York, for he was a man who rather liked "roughing it" than otherwise, and, once on the voyage, he began to feel that half his plan was accomplished. But the question as to how he was to prove his own death bothered him considerably.

The ship had not, however, been a day at sea before a most remarkable and fortunate circumstance occurred. Sir Toby was a light sleeper, and was not very much at home in his uncomfortable quarters, so the first night after leaving Queenstown he paced the deck for several hours. In the course of his nocturnal ramble he kept meeting a man who could not help noticing from the very fact that he seemed desperately anxious to avoid his, Sir Toby's, observation. "Some thief or forger bolting," thought Sir Toby, and he kept his eyes on the man from idle curiosity, and gradually fell to idling about the deck and watching him closely. Presently the man, when he thought himself unobserved, did a very strange thing; he took off his coat and laid it carefully on the deck. Then he glanced hurriedly round, mounted the bulwarks, and leaped into the sea. One of the ship's officers just caught sight of him as he disappeared, an alarm was quickly raised, and the engines were reversed. No one had time to notice or to think of the coat; but Sir Toby always prided himself on his presence of mind. Instantly he seized it, tore off his own coat, which contained the pocket-book and the papers, laid it on the deck, and put on the coat left behind by the suicide. It was a master-stroke, a veritable inspiration, and Sir Toby retired to his berth knowing that the odds were at least a hundred to one against a rescue.

At his leisure he examined the pockets of the stranger's garment; the only thing of importance it contained was a letter, apparently addressed to the dead man's wife. "As I thought," said Sir Toby to himself, when he read it at leisure; "ordinary cases of forgery, cannot live any longer—the usual both don't think that Mrs. Bowston will ever get this letter." And he burned it carefully, and a night or two later took an opportunity of throwing the coat itself overboard.

"Now I am really all right," he reflected. There was a great sea and cry in London when it was reported that Sir Toby Bunskin had actually disappeared. Half the detectives were employed to look for him, advertisements were inserted by the score, even placards were posted, no exertion, in fact, and no expense were spared to discover his whereabouts. But without the slightest result followed, until the news arrived from America that Sir Toby had jumped from an Atlantic steamer; and had, of course, been drowned, leaving behind him a coat, in the pocket of which was a pocket-book containing cards and private papers obviously belonging to the unfortunate baronet. It was a nine-days' wonder; but nobody cared a straw about Sir Toby when alive, people soon grew tired of speculating as to the cause which had prompted the rash act. And as soon as certain necessary legal formalities had been complied with, Jack Bunskin found himself Sir John Tobias Bunskin, baronet, of Bunakin Hall and Grosvenor Square, and the possessor of a substantial rent-roll and a goodly sum of ready money. Now, it was not very likely that Jack should feel any profound grief for his uncle. The manner of the old man's death certainly shocked him considerably, but the pleasures and duties of his new position speedily banished the subject from his mind.

He had, too, plenty of things to look after. His creditors, of course, came down upon him in a hungry horde, and the amount of post-obits which he had to pay off was quite alarming. Moreover, he had no intention of leading the sober and quiet life that had suited his uncle. He bought a yacht, started a small racing-stud, and began to dabble in city companies—all of which things demand a considerable amount of time and attention, not to mention money. So a couple of years passed. Jack, in common parlance, went the pace to the best of his ability; got himself elected M. P. for one of the divisions of Fallowland, and finally became engaged to Miss Mrs. Grains, only daughter and heiress of the late Sir Joshua Grains, M. P., the well-known brewer and millionaire. There was, of course, a very grand wedding, and in due time the happy pair returned to London from a prolonged honeymoon trip on the Continent. When Jack had finished examining a pile of letters and other documents, he inquired of the family butler whether he had any special news to communicate, for that individual looked like a man burdened with a guilty secret.

"It's my duty to tell you, sir," said Mr.

Flaggon mysteriously, "as an old gent 'as been calling here every day for the last week, and says he must see you."

"Is that all?" queried Jack.

"No, sir," he says 'ba's your uncle."

"My uncle! What d—d nonsense! Why, the fellow must be a lunatic or an impostor!"

"Just so, sir; but we can't get rid of him, and I didn't like to give the poor old idiot in charge."

"Quite right, next time he comes I'll see him."

"Oddly enough, half an hour afterward the old gentleman returned, and Flaggon promptly ushered him in."

"Well, my man," said the new baronet, "and what can I do for you?"

"Jack," said the stranger, "do you mean to say that you don't know me? I'm your Uncle Toby—I am, indeed, and not a blessed soul recognizes me!"

Jack stared at his seedy visitor in astonishment. His clothes were shabby and he wore a hang-dog look; his face was disfigured in a most remarkable fashion, and the small remnant of hair that he possessed stuck upright in a strange tuft. He did not resemble the late Sir Toby Bunskin in the slightest; but the tone of voice was horribly familiar.

"This is drivelling nonsense!" he said; "but if you are my uncle, how the deuce do you account for the fact that you were drowned in the Atlantic?"

"I wasn't drowned; it was another passenger," and Sir Toby confessed the story of the change of coats.

"But what on earth have you been doing for more than two years?"

"I went hunting bears and things in the Rocky Mountains," said Uncle Toby in a sepulchral voice. "We lost our way, wandered about for weeks, and were eventually captured by the Indians. Couldn't get away or even write."

"Oh, indeed! Is that why you have tattooed your face so elegantly?" asked Jack.

"I didn't tattoo myself—it did it for me," said Sir Toby. "My face is nothing to the rest of me. I've got a pine forest, a lake, and a range of mountains on my back; three rattlesnakes on each arm, my chest is covered with tomahawks, arrows and pipes; and there are opossums, terapins, and a sort of d—n beastly animal on my legs."

"Dear me, Uncle! What's become of your left ear?"

"Well, you see, Red Blanket, the chief, you know, took a great fancy to me; but sometimes he used to get drunk and throw some of his whisky over my head, and my ear of it with a tomahawk one time!"

"You must have had a rollicking time!"

"Don't laugh, you vagabond!" cried Sir Toby, waxing wrathful. "Look 'at my head! That was done by Blue Blazes, another chief; he tried to scalp me, and it was all the Red Blanket could do to stop him. He got about half of it off as it was. And now, Jack, when you've done your thing, perhaps you'll talk business. I meant to play a joke on you, but it seems to me that I've got the worst of it. However, we'll let bygones be bygones; I'll make you a good advance, though I hear that you've married a wife with a big fortune. But, of course, you know now you must clear out."

"Clear out of what?"

"Why, out of my property and my money."

"You're welcome to the baronetcy, Uncle Toby," said Jack thoughtfully; "but I'm afraid that I can't oblige you any further."

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?"

"Simply that there's nothing left to clear out of! I've spent it—every rascal I hear of Sir Toby turned livid under his tattoo-marks."

"You infernal young scoundrel!" he shrieked.

"Are you mad?"

"Not a bit of it, uncle! I don't get excited. You see, nearly all the ready you left went to pay post-obits; and then I took to racing, and gambling a bit. Had most shocking luck! Lost every sixpence, sold the house in Grosvenor Square, sold Bunskin Hall under the Settled Estates Act, you know, and everything. I hadn't married Hilda I should have been absolutely stone-broke. She bought back Bunskin Hall, by special leave of the trustee; but all her money is strictly tied up, and I haven't a single sixpence of my own in the world!"

"Is this really true?" said Sir Toby faintly.

"Gospel truth, I assure you. Ask Tapper and Deeds, they know all about it. Never mind, you've had your fun with the Indians, you know, and I've had mine. Won't you have a brandy and soda, or something? You look quite green. Tell me what. If you let me keep the title, I'll get Hilda to make you head-gardener at Bunskin—£250 a year, good house and precious little to do. Think it over, uncle."

(From the Brockville Daily Times.)

ONTARIO GLOVE WORKS.

Interesting Notes of a Visit to That Busy Establishment.

Brockville is known far and wide as a beautiful town, situated on the banks of one of the grandest rivers in the world, and at the foot of those enchanted spots, the Thousand Islands. True, more has been done much for the City of the Thousand Islands, but there other things that have helped in a great measure to bring Brockville before the people of Canada and the world. We allude particularly in this respect to the large manufactory that send first-class articles not only to parts of Canada and the United States, but also to foreign lands as well.

Yesterday we had the privilege of visiting the Ontario Glove works, and every department of this important industry was shown us by the proprietor, Mr. John McLaren. Since this gentleman has assumed control very extensive improvements have been made in the buildings, machinery and general facilities for turning out work second to none, and with a promptness and accuracy that is absolutely necessary in these times of keen business competition. The very latest machinery for procuring the best results have been procured, regardless of expense, and the most skillful operators are employed in each and every department. One little machine, specially imported from Germany for sewing the finest quality of ladies' kid gloves, was a marvel of ingenuity. The work is done with either single or various colored fine silks, and with surprising speed and accuracy. The hum of sewing machines, all run by steam power, that greets the

visitor on entering the large room devoted to the sewing department, is for a time bewildering. In passing up and down the long tables at which are seated female operators, each busily engaged doing some particular sewing, one sees all grades of gloves, mitts and moccasins in process of completion. At one time we see the most delicate tinted kid made into beautiful mousquetaires from 6 to 24 buttons in length, and other elegant colored kid into handsome gauntlets for ladies' wear. Then we noticed the gent's gloves in all grades, from the light summer kid to the fur-lined gauntlet for winter wear. The North-West gloves for harvest and winter wear, and the mechanic's and workman's mitts, made of strong, heavy leather for outdoor work, all receive that attention necessary to place them on the market, equal to the best in manufacture and material, yet at a price that will meet the requirements of the trade.

One of the busiest departments was as one of the most interesting to go through in that where the manufacture of the Workers' Brace and the Chester Brace is carried on. These two classes of suspenders, both patented, are meeting with a very extensive sale. The writer has been wearing a pair of the former for several months, and he has no hesitation in saying it is the most comfortable brace he ever had on.

To reach the stage of perfection aimed at, the raw material is all imported and in such quantities as enables the output to be placed on the market at the very lowest price. We had the privilege of seeing the leather in all stages of tanning and preparation, from the raw skin with the fur on to the beautiful finished product, fitted with the latest and most approved buttons, fasteners or laces as the case may be.

In the large stock room we noticed pile upon pile of leathers ready for cutting up, some having a finish like silk velvet, others like West of England broadcloth, and in all colors of the rainbow, besides the most delicate tints and China white, while on other shelves are stacks of the coarser leathers for working gloves. The names of these leathers are numerous, but we managed to recollect among the most prominent as follows: Mochas, antelope, buckskin, caribou, cordovan, saranac in calf and lamb, napa-buck, lamb, elk, moose, reindeer, kid, chamois and English buck.

For lining and trimmings some of the most expensive furs are used, and in the finishing the strongest linings for the heaviest goods, and the finest silks for the more delicate articles.

We were shown a portion of the exhibit to be sent to the Toronto Fair. It consists of samples of the work in all stages of manufacture, also some beautiful specimens of black tail and South American deer skins, so finished as to show about one third of the skin with the natural hair on, while the balance was finished ready for use, in fact with a glove pattern cut out of the center. There is a line of beautifully finished moccasins, that when arranged in the large glass case will make perfect rainbows of colors and tints. A full line of finished goods, in moccasins, snow-shoes, gloves, mitts, suspenders, etc., will be sent up for the exhibition, the whole to be ornamented with fur-bearing animals, such as foxes, badgers, grey wolves, beavers, otters, etc. The moose head and antlers is probably the finest specimen of its kind in Canada, and should be seen by all visitors to the exhibition. The animal was shot on or near Mr. McLaren's timber limits only a few years ago by Mr. Wm. Leavitt, a well-known commercial traveller with headquarters at Brockville.

Visitors to the exhibition will have their attention drawn to the Ontario Glove Works exhibit by a large kid glove measuring 36 inches in length and 30 inches in circumference at the wrist. This glove is made of domestic kid dressed and finished at the factory and will certainly prove a grand object lesson.

Mild Insanities of the British Navy.

As early as the seventeenth century one finds traces of a custom which is observed today, and of which it is impossible even to guess at the origin. It is a captain of a boat going alongside a ship at night, and it is the proper reply from the boat, "Victory," or "Triumph," or whatever the name of the captain's vessel may be. If the visitor be a lieutenant, the regulation answer is "Hulloa!" But if the visitor be only a midshipman, the reply demanded by ancient etiquette is, strange to say, "No, no!" although he means "Yes."

Arizona Society Note.

Broncho Pete—"I've got to go to the dance to-night down at Deadman's Gulch." Five-fingered Jake—"What for?" Broncho Pete—"Editor of Mountain Echo asked me to get him a list of the killed and injured."

Are you WEAK? NERVOUS? TIRED? SLEEPLESS? PALE? BLOODLESS? THIN? DYSPEPTIC? you need HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

It makes weak nerves strong, promotes sound, refreshing sleep, aids digestion, restores lost appetite, is a perfect blood and flesh builder, restores the bloom of health.

ANDRUGGETS sell it. 50c a Bottle. Six for \$2.50. Sold only by Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd. St. John, N.B.

SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Wash Day. Follow the Directions on the Wrapper. The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

ITCHING AND PIN WORMS. PILES. No More Misery. ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worst at night when the sun is impossible to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously during sleep scratches the parts until they are sore—ulcers and fungous eruptions are excused. Females are peculiarly affected by this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Piles or Irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. Gives Instant Relief. Itching Piles is an ailment entirely different from the same name. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Eruptions, Ringworm, etc. etc. For sale by all druggists. Price 60 Cents. Mail address—20 HARRISON ST. TORONTO, CAN. Sole Agents for Dominion of Canada.

COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL. Prints, Etc., at Great Reductions. French Dress Sateen, 17c. per yard; Scotch Crepon Zephyr, (Gingham) 25c.; French Colored Lawn for Blouses and Dresses at 25c. per yard. Large assortment of Striped and Checked Gingham for Dresses, 27c. to 40c. French Washing Cretonne from 25c. per yard. Butcher's Linen for Ladies' Costumes (all shades) \$1.25. Cotton Frills for Dresses (all shades) 29c. Light Cotton Challis, 15c. to 18c. per yard. Remnants of Dress Sateen, Gingham and Print, 20 per cent. off and 5 per cent. off for cash.

Hardware Dep't—Novelties, Etc. Granite Ware, Wooden " Iron " Wire Screens for Windows, Magic Ice Cream Freezers. Complete Stock of Kitchen Utensils, 5 per cent. Discount for Cash. Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

ESTABLISHED 1855. Taylor's Cafes. 145 & 147 FRONTS EAST TORONTO. B. B. BLIZZARD St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

Long Waist, Correct Shape, Best Material. Combined with the best filling in the world, makes the "Featherbone Corset" unequalled. TRY A PAIR.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. POPULARS BUILDINGS. ADVERTISING BUREAU. AND CANADIAN WORKS. German St. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B. SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED FREE.

Sunday Reading.

THE COMMON CHALICE.

A New York "Sun" Editorial, "Is there Miraculous Protection?"

The New York Sun has recently thrown its columns open to correspondents writing for or against the common chalice.

Dr. Knowles writes as follows: "Besides objecting to the views and statements in the Sun of Aug. 30 regarding the Holy Communion, both from an historical and doctrinal point of view, the chief diseases which afflict humanity, generally speaking, cannot be communicated by drinking from a common chalice."

"The arguments of our correspondents are baseless, unless they are founded on the theory and the faith that when men are rendering obedience to any of the commands they believe to come from God, they are protected by Divine power from the operation of the natural law of cause and effect."

There are some very good people who love to tell bad news. It is better to run the shoes down at the heel than to be too lazy to walk.

Church members who never smile will some day find out how much harm they have done.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself will not have to be taken into court to make him do what is right.

whole theory of the origin and communication of such disease at the present time is against it. The danger may not be great, and is not universal.

"In its nature it is a subject which belongs to a domain outside of theology. The clergy must go to laymen to find out the proved facts with reference to it."

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The man who loves his neighbor as himself will not have to be taken into court to make him do what is right.

Many a man who started out to reform the whole world changed his mind before he got into the next county.

Either selfishness or laziness is the prompting motive of the man who is always on the hunt for an easy place.

Salvation doesn't depend so much upon what the head thinks about God, as upon what the heart is doing with Christ.

A Brave Bible Woman. Thirty years ago European prisoners in Calcutta were constantly visited by a most excellent bible woman, Miss Andrews.

three months, and allowed them freely to correspond with Miss Andrews. Mr. King, the master of the Calcutta jail, spoke most highly of the excellent results of her influence, and gave her full liberty of action.

Messages of Help for the Week. "Gather yourselves together, ye, gather together - - before the day pass as the chaff, before the fierce anger of the Lord come upon you."

"Consider your ways." Haggai 1: 7. "O Lord my God; lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death," [Psalm 13: 8.]

"Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings." - Psalm 17: 18.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so to every one that is born of the spirit," - John 3: 8.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise." - Ephesians 6: 1, 2.

"Take heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. . . and what say unto you I say unto all, watch." Mark 13: 33-37.

A VISION OF HEAVEN. A Beautiful Little Story of a Scotch Mother and Child.

They sat together on the warm, sparkling sand, the mother and the child. The tiny golden head nestled against the protecting breast, the wan face lit by the evening sun; the eyes were closed, and a smile parted the bloodless lips.

The mother watched beside her sleeping child - and she, scarce more than child herself, murmured a mother's prayer, "Lord Jesus, save my little girl." Again, and again she repeated it, "Save my little girl."

Softly she drew the threadbare tartan shawl round the slender frame. Gentle was the motion it roused the sleeper. The great blue eyes opened.

"Did I wake ye, Jeannie?" "No, no, mither, ye didna wake me; I woke my ainself. I had a bonnie dream, mither."

"Ay, dearie; what was it?" "Afore I went to sleep I was watchin' the ships w' their white sails flittin' ower the water, an' I wondered whar they were a' gaun. I looked, an' looked, an' looked, an' then I thought I was in a wee boatie, w' white sails, too, mither. They said it was gaun to heav'n. The sky was black ower my heid, an' great waves tossed my boatie to an' fro. But far away the sun was glintin' on the water, an' there were steps of gowd gaun up, up, up. They said that was the way to heav'n. Is't soo, mither? Are ye list'nin'?"

"Aye, aye, Jeannie, I'm list'nin' to ye." "I sailed a lang, lang time. I came nearer an' nearer the steps. I was a'mos there, mither. They said: 'Gae, Jeannie, an' ye'll no be tired ony mair.' I was gaun, but they said again: 'No, Jeannie, the next time.' Wasn't no a bonnie dream, mither?"

"My wee lamb." The mother pressed the frail form to her. The golden head sank again drowsily - "The next time." The sun set in crimson glory over the sands and sea; heavy purple night-clouds overshadowed the earth. Ere the glory faded the little maiden was far away on her journey up the golden stairs. Still the mother watched and prayed: "Lord Jesus, save my little girl."

A Bright Lad. Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us: "When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny."

THE PROPER INFLECTION.

Few People Know How to Use it When Saying "Thank You."

It is to be regretted - wholly in the interest of her sex - that a woman who thanks a gentleman for surrendering to her his seat in the cars does not speak up boldly and cheerfully as it she really meant what she said."

"It has long been maintained by our foreign critics, that the English language lacks flexibility, nice shades of meaning, the quality of expression, compared to other tongues. But after careful observation at home and abroad I am satisfied that the lack of expression is rather in the English speaker than in the language."

"There are an infinite number of shades of which this little "Thank you" is susceptible, as anyone about town knows. It may be uttered in such a way as to make the blood tingle with indignation. It can be said with such grace and sweetness that the recipient will carry the memory of it - as the memory of some delicious perfume, or beautiful picture, or sympathetic strain of music - all through the long day of business cares. For such a reward as this thousands of men have suffered uncomplaining, have endured the tortures of the inquisition, have fought, bled and died upon the battlefield. It would seem a very simple thing, but the grace and politeness and gentleness of speech which distinguished the women of the chivalric age are now almost wholly unknown."

"When women talk of the decay of chivalry in men they forget that men are what women make them. Men are the exact reflection of their mothers and sisters and wives. Through the history of the men of the past we have accurate knowledge of the character of the women of that time. As it is impossible for the fountain to rise higher than its source, so it is impossible for men to rise higher than their mothers, their sweethearts, wives and sisters."

DIAMOND DYES

Have Established a Wonderful Fame. AIR: RED, WHITE AND BLUE. O, dyes, used from ocean to ocean, 'Ye Diamond Dyes, pure, fast and true! No wonder that female devotion And first thoughts are centred in you. Ye bring, to each home, joy and pleasure, And many a dollar ye save; To every good housewife a treasure, A friend, a companion and slave."

CHORUS: A friend, a companion and slave, A friend, a companion and slave, Diamond Dyes bring to all joy and pleasure, And many a dollar they save. Diamond Dyes always ready for duty, Working merrily, never forlorn; Ye restore to brightness and beauty Each garment soiled, faded and worn. Throughout this extended Dominion, All people have heard of your name, And critics are all of opinion That ye are entitled to fame."

CHORUS: All people have heard of your name, All people have heard of your name, Diamond Dyes in this fair young Dominion, Have established a wonderful fame.

D'FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES COLIC CHOLERA CHOLERA-MORBUS DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN & ADULTS Price 35 CTS BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description: collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napawan, Temworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, F. E. I., with nearly 800 agencies Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa. H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt. J. R. STONE, Agent.

DISSOLUTION.

THE FIRM OF J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. was this day dissolved by mutual consent. T. ARMSTRONG continuing the business continued at old stand by J. S. ARMSTRONG, who assumes liabilities and collects accounts due. J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. May 8, '94.

BUY

CHOCOLATES G.B. See that G.B. Stamped on every G.B. Chocolate

Flowers that bloom in the Spring have not a sweeter perfume than BABY'S OWN SOAP. Made out of the finest Castile Soap, and delicately perfumed, it leaves the skin soft, white and with a deliciously "fresh" feeling. Your Grocer or Druggist may try to sell you some other kind on which he makes more profit, but insist on getting BABY'S OWN. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Montreal, - Sole Manufacturers.

IT MAKES OLD MEN YOUNG.

Indisputable Testimony that South American Nervine Tends to Longevity - Many Years Added to the Lives of Those Who Use This Great Discovery - An Age of Great Old Men - What a Windsor Resident of Seventy Years of Age Says.



MR. JAMES SHERWOOD, Windsor, Ont.

What with Gladstone 84 years of age, Pope Leo XIII 84, Bismarck 78, Franco 85 and Ontario's G. O. M., Sir Oliver Mowat, 75, this is indeed an age of grand old men. They are holding their places with the young men nobly. A study of the men who, at these advanced years, perform so much intense labor all show that care of health has been one of the essentials of their remarkable longevity. It may be that all the old men of the age have not a personal acquaintance with the invigorating and health-enlarging effects of South American Nervine, but with much in the way of testimony before us we do know that this great medicine is toning up the systems of men and women to such an extent that their years are being lengthened beyond the allotted three score and ten. There is something in this medicine that is peculiarly efficacious as a health-builder. It operates with sure success on those who are weak and, perhaps, suffering from indigestion, nervous prostration and debility in one shape and another. Mr. James Sherwood, of Windsor, Ont., has attained the ripe old age of 70 years. A few years back he suffered from an attack of paralysis, and a second attack came on him 12 months ago. The result of this trouble was to seriously derange his digestive organs and complicated nervous troubles followed. He obtained from LaBelle & Co., of Windsor, a bottle of South American Nervine. It had an immediate effect on the stomach trouble and on the nerves, besides strengthening the heart action which had become weak. He says: "I consider it a splendid medicine. It has relieved me of very much pain, built up my health, and has given me a much better appetite than I had before using it. I have so far used four bottles and will always keep it in my house." Would you be healthy and live long? Then become acquainted with South American Nervine. For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St. E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St. A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

WHO OWNS THE MONEY

WAITING IN BRITISH BANKS FOR CLAIMANTS?

Unclaimed Millions in the Banks of the United Kingdom—A London Banking-Office Built Entirely out of the Accumulation of Unclaimed Balances.

Next to tales of buried treasure, there is probably nothing which so excites the wealth-desiring side of a man's mind more than lists of people who have money "in chancery." The quest for this money is apt to be quite as fruitless as the hunt for pirate gold, except to swindlers who profit by publishing column lists of names in newspapers of "people who are heirs to unclaimed wealth in the United Kingdom," and request "anyone whose name is not in this necessarily incomplete list" to write to such and such a firm. Sensible people realize that even if they have money in chancery they had probably better not spend much in attempting to get it out. In connection with unclaimed wealth, the following article concerning money unclaimed for in British banks will be of interest to all. It is taken from a late English paper:

A million pounds is an enormous sum, though we are frequently using the word "million" without considering its full significance. A million pounds! Let us consider for a moment. A bank cashier, who is tolerably smart, can count 400 sovereigns in a minute. Supposing he were to work during the usual banking hours, nine in the morning till five in the afternoon, taking one hour for lunch, he could—if it were possible to maintain so high a rate of speed—count 168,000 sovereigns in the seven hours; so that, starting first thing on Monday morning, and continuing his monotonous work till Saturday afternoon, he would find that he still had 76,000 sovereigns to count before the "one million" was reached. A moment's thought on these lines will show what a vast sum a million is.

There is, perhaps, hardly a single bank in the United Kingdom which has not on its books a large sum of unclaimed money, and it was recently stated that in the Scotch banks alone the aggregate of these unclaimed balances reached the enormous total of nine millions of pounds sterling. It is a common thing for a banker in going through his books at the end of the year, preparatory to opening up new ledgers, to find several accounts which during the last twelve months have not "worked" at all. The following year he notices that several of these accounts have again become quite dormant. If this continues, it generally happens that in the new ledgers, instead of heading a page with each of these names, they are all carried bodily to the credit of an account to which the generic title of "Unclaimed Balances" is given. Of course, a most careful record is kept of all the particulars under which this transfer is made, and it will be readily seen that with a large institution the total of such balances must be very considerable.

The question arises: What is done with the money? And this is a point with which the general public is more or less interested, and of which it is almost ignorant. The banker, at the expiration of seven years, regards the dormant balance as his own. It does not follow that he always appropriates it then, though with many banks this practice obtains. In several cases the total of unclaimed balances is allowed to accumulate, and stands today constantly growing and awaiting distribution.

Yes, you say, but these unclaimed balances are very small. Not so; standing in the heart of the City of London is a magnificent stone building, the office of one of the Scotch banks, which was built entirely out of the accumulation of unclaimed balances. Then the point naturally arises: how is it that people can allow their accounts to be forgotten, and thus the balances undrawn? The explanation is very simple. A man has more than one banking account, and his friends know absolutely nothing of his private affairs. He goes away abroad and dies; maybe he leaves a will, maybe he does not—in either case, no one knowing of his account with, say, the National bank of Great Britain, claims his balance, the term required by the Statute of Limitations is passed, and the balance remains. Again, a man has some business transaction for which a separate banking account is required. This is used for a time, until the requirements of drawing cheques has passed. He, as he thinks, draws his balance. Instead, however, he leaves, quite unconsciously, £5 or £10 on the account. This tends to swell the total of the banker's unclaimed balances.

Thus it is that if bankers were compelled, by a special Act of Parliament, to furnish a statement of all amounts standing unclaimed in their books for during, say, the last fifty years, it would be found that the aggregate would be enormous. If the Scotch banks alone hold nine millions, the English banks would probably hold fifteen or eighteen millions. Hence it will be seen that the item is one of the most serious moments, and there is little wonder that the "powers that be" are beginning to recognize its importance, and to cast an evil or a jealous eye on a possible share in the plunder.

The question remains: Who should benefit by the irregularity? Clearly the banker has no claim but that of possession. But as the banker has all the responsibility and anxiety for a long period, it would seem to be most manifestly unfair if he were to be deprived of his unclaimed balances without some compensation. As a point of fact, the money should be held at the disposal of possible claimants; that would seem the most just course. But, since it would in a host of cases eventually result in the balance remaining in statu quo, no good would thus be obtained. It seems, therefore, that the course suggested is equitable: that banker and government should divide the booty, and each take a proportionate share of any risk or liability.

Rescued by His Wooden Leg. Even misfortune can sometimes be turned to timely use by quick-wittedness. Ex-Governor Morris was sometimes Minister to France during the stormy period of monarchical downfall. On one occasion he nearly lost his life, and was only delivered by his own readiness of speech. He had formerly suffered a carriage accident in Philadelphia, and his left leg was so

CREEDON TALKS.

THE STURDY AUSTRALIAN IN PRIME CONDITION FOR HIS CONTEST WITH FITZSIMMONS.

He Tells Something of His Inner Life—Makes no Secret of the Means He Employs to Keep in Shape—His Manager Does not Believe in Doctors.

(From the St. Louis, Mo., Chronicle.) As September 26, the date set for the \$5,000 battle between Dan Creedon and Bob Fitzsimmons, grows nearer its uncertainty grows greater and the interest of the sporting world increases. While Fitzsimmons will no doubt be a hot favorite in the betting, yet the truth of the matter is, that but very few have got a true line on Creedon. While the wise men of the ring who have come in touch with him, are saying but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' followers are finding in a quiet way all the Creedon money they want.

Personally Fitzsimmons has always believed that Creedon was easy game. But then, Creedon has improved almost beyond belief since he came to this country. The instruction he received while helping to train Corbett for the Mitchell fight did him no end of good, while his method of living and manner of taking care of himself has greatly improved his condition.

Some time ago it was reported that Creedon was victim of muscular rheumatism and that his days as a fighter had passed. This has no doubt taken many of the sporting fraternity over to the Fitzsimmons side. Creedon is doing his training in St. Louis under the care of his foster brother, Tommy Tracy. He was seen in the office of his manager, Col. John D. Hopkins, by a Chronicle reporter, and among other things unobscured himself regarding the "muscular rheumatism" story. "In December last," he laughed when the subject was broached, "I was giving spraining exhibitions with a variety and athletic company. We played a week's engagement in Boston. During Christmas week it was bitterly cold, the theatre in which we played was miserably heated behind the curtain. The dressing-rooms were so cold that you could actually see your breath. My contract with the manager stipulated that I was to box two bouts of three rounds each, one of which was to be 'try-out' with any local fighter possessing ambition to make me 'bite the dust.'"

"Though my task was not a severe one from a scientific point of view, the work was hard and monotonous and the perspiration streamed from my pores as I slumped from the stage into my cold, damp dressing-room. I relished the shock of those sudden changes until the night before we closed our engagement. When, as I was dressing preparatory to leaving the theatre, a sickening chill penetrated my back, my legs ached and I suddenly became sick at my stomach. I drank two hot whiskeys in a neighboring saloon, hurried to my hotel, and huddled up in bed. On the following morning on awakening, my right ankle was stiff and sore, and the muscles of my arm were swollen and pained excruciatingly."

"I rapidly grew worse. My physician ordered hot water bags to my feet and prescribed an alkali concoction for muscular rheumatism. Within a week I was unable to bear my weight on my feet. "I discharged my physician in despair and tried enough so-called rheumatic cures to stock a fair sized drug store. By the advice of Col. John D. Hopkins, my manager, I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Col. Hopkins had read so much in the papers of the marvelous cures made by Pink Pills, and being a victim of periodical attacks of rheumatism, gave them a trial. "Physicians he heaped, I have spent hundreds of dollars on 'em," here broke in Col. Hopkins. "After using one box of Pink Pills," continued Creedon, "the pain gradually relaxed, my appetite improved, I started taking a second box, and the pain and swelling disappeared from my ankles and feet, and the muscles of my arms were restored to their normal condition. "I left for Jacksonville, Fla., New Year's Day with 'Billy' Delaney, trainer of Jim Corbett, to assist in preparing the champion for the international glove contest with Charley Mitchell. I had finished my second box of Pink Pills when I left Boston. The sudden change of climate, combined with the malarial atmosphere of Corbett's training quarters at Mayport, revived the pain in my muscles and I became alarmed at my condition. "I went up to Jacksonville and secured another supply of Pink Pills. The marvellous effect of these Pills almost baffles belief. "The Pink Pills battled successfully with the rheumatism and the seeds of malaria, planted in my system by the damp nights spent on the Florida coast. I was in condition to begin work with Corbett after a few days rest and was rapidly restored to health, the muscles of my legs and arms being so strong and good as ever. "I never in my life worked harder than during the Corbett training campaign at Mayport. The rheumatic ankles of a few weeks previous were free from soreness and stiffness, as all visitors to Mayport who witnessed me play hand-ball and speed over the hard sand of the beach can attest. "A remarkable feature is, that I plunged from the cold of the North into the dampness of the Florida climate after a rheumatic siege, taking no particular care of my health beyond the regularity of my Pink



Creedon is doing his training in St. Louis under the care of his foster brother, Tommy Tracy.

Fill treatment. I give you every detail of the case in order to end all further controversy about my condition. I never felt better in my life and, barring accidents, will be ready to fight the fight of my life on Sept. 26th."

THE YOST WRITING MACHINE.

TESTIMONIALS.

The following are a few of the many testimonials from users in the Maritime Provinces.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., St. John, N. B., 3rd July, 1894.

Agent "Yost" Typewriter: DEAR SIR,—I beg to say that I have been using the "Yost" No. 3, which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly, ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "Yost" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "Yost" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment, and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "Yost," but although I am informed they have many improvements on the No. 3 machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes.

Yours very truly, E. T. C. KNOWLES.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., St. John, N. B., July 11th, 1894.

Agent "Yost" Typewriter: DEAR SIR,—I can recommend the "Yost" machine with pleasure, and, I think, with considerable knowledge of its qualities as a typewriter, since we have had one in constant use in this office for more than two years. In that time we have not spent a cent upon it for repairs, and though in continual use, its work today is as clear and well defined as ever. My experienced stenographer and type-writer, formerly a valued instructor in a business college where another high class machine was wholly used, would use no other than the "Yost" now. On the scores of cleanliness and neatness alone it is worthy of the consideration of every business man who likes to see his work well done.

Yours faithfully, EDWARD S. CARTER.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., St. John, N. B., 4th July, 1894.

Agent "Yost" Typewriter: DEAR SIR,—We have now been using the "Yost" for about three years, and are satisfied with it in every respect. The device for inking is in every way superior to the ribbon, besides doing away with the annoyance and expense of replacing it. The simplicity of operation, its ease of touch, clearness of impression and perfect alignment, are points in its favor, which time and use have more strongly confirmed. As a manifold machine it gives excellent results.

Yours very truly, WHITTAKER & CO.

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W. FRANK HATHEWAY, Per L. M.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., St. John, N. B., July 4th, 1894.

We have great pleasure in testifying to the entire satisfaction obtained by us from the "Yost" machine. As you know, we purchased THREE machines from you since last September, and they have been in constant use ever since, and our pupils are delighted with them as they are so simple in their construction, and so easily managed.

Yours sincerely, ELIZABETH W. MORLEY, A. Mus. L. C. M. M. HAYDON.

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Sincerely, A. H. CHIPMAN.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., St. John, N. B., July 3rd, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—The "Yost" typewriter has been in use in our office for some months. It has proved quite satisfactory in every way. Yours truly, THE ST. CROIX SOAP MANUFACTURING CO., J. S. GANONG.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., St. John, N. B., July 23, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—I bought one of the "Yost" typewriters from you some time ago and have found it satisfactory in every way. It has not cost me anything for repairs as yet and seems to be as perfect as ever. Its elegance of work, splendid manifold powers and perfect alignment render it far superior to any other typewriter that I have met with.

Yours truly, R. BARRY SMITH.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., St. John, N. B., July 23, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—I have used the "Yost" typewriter for nearly a year, and am more than pleased with it. It is easily manipulated, doesn't get out of order, and does very neat work. I have had my eye upon this machine for years, ever since it was first advertised, and resolved not to buy any until I could afford to procure it. I find it all that I had expected and all that your circulars claimed it to be.

Yours sincerely, T. F. FOTHERINGHAM.

[From Revd. T. F. Eotheringham, M. A., convener committee on "Sabbath Schools and Higher Instruction of Presbyterian church in Canada.]

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

There is nothing more attractive or indeed more rare than a really good conversationalist, a person who knows how to talk, who says something interesting, and above all, who does not use his valuable gift for the purpose of dazzling and overwhelm-

ing those whom he is addressing by his own brilliancy, without giving them a chance to say anything in return—showing off his own attraction at their expense!



PRETTY VISITING AND HOME DRESSES.

The tea gown on the right is of striped crepon, dark blue, with rich ribbon trim. The gown is faced with crimson satin. The visiting dress on the left is of the new figured bengaline silk over plain gros grain. Gros grain plaiting trims the waist and sleeves. Gros grain ribbons are set wherever possible. Colors are black and gold and blue.

guarded carefully and exercised with due appreciation of its value; we cannot all delight our friends with bright flashes of wit, or sway their hearts with touches of pathos, because in all probability our talents do not lie in that particular direction, as long as they have breath enough to interrupt them, and I know of no more tiresome task in the world than spending an evening, or even an hour, in a hand-to-hand fight for a bearing with any one of them. It is so wearying to start topic after topic and never be allowed to finish one; to entertain a person who is perfectly contented to remain silent until you begin to speak, and then pipes up as certainly as a canary begins to sing the instant anyone else does; or else to listen hopelessly to a woman who has plenty to say and prides herself on being an excellent talker, but who never stops speaking long enough to take a good deep breath, or to allow you to remark, "Yes," "No" or "How surprising." She shows plainly that she feels no interest in you or your conversation, and you leave her with a feeling of angry humiliation which almost leads you to hope that you may never see her again.

I don't think these trying peculiarities are caused by intentional rudeness, but rather from a mistaken wish to be agreeable, and a conviction that vivacity is the most desirable attribute a woman can possess. Or perhaps a nervous desire to appear interested in what is being said, which quite overlooks the fact that to listen attentively is the highest compliment one can pay a speaker.

Who has not heard the story of that delightful piece of egotism on the part of Madame de Staël—the queen of conversationalists, who sat beside a gentleman whose name she failed to catch when he was introduced, during a dinner, and lavished her most charming gifts in the effort to entertain him, talking incessantly, and enjoying herself most thoroughly? After dinner she asked her host to tell her the name of that delightful man who was her neighbor at dinner, and who was without exception the wittiest, most brilliant, and altogether charming person she had ever met. For a moment the host looked puzzled, but then a look of amazement swept across his face, and he replied:

"But, my dear madame, that is poor Blank, and he is dead and dumb." Imagine madame de Staël's feelings, my dear girls, and then consider how easily that poor man won a reputation for unusual cleverness. He could not speak, he could not even hear a word his witty neighbor said, but his very silence gave him the appearance of an attentive listener, and so he has credited with all the brilliant qualities she possessed herself.

If we cannot all talk well, there is one thing at least that we can do, and that is listen well.

ASTRA.

but we can at least, avoid some of the annoying conversational tricks which many well meaning people possess, and in which they seem to take especial delight to the intense disgust of their friends.

WHERE SHOES ARE CHEAP.

LADIES Who require a DONGCLA KID BUTTON BOOT at a Low Price, should not fail to see the line of Plain and Tipped Genuine Dongo'a Boots we are selling at

WATERBURY & RISING, 61 NORTH SIDE KING STREET AND 212 UNION STREET.

and the grief of his young widow was most distressing to those present. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could restrain her from throwing herself upon his coffin in the grave, but in two months she was married again and seemed to be perfectly happy. Grief that can not be thrown off by outward manifestations is what tells.

Roses That Drink Beef Tea. All travellers agree that there are nowhere else roses so magnificent as those that cover the garden wall of the old Roman palace in the Via Salaria, where lived the epicure Lucullus. Rome is a city of roses. They run riot, but those of the old palace have become celebrated. Their odor is passionate in its intensity. Their form, their every petal, the way they hang upon their stems, is picture-like. The color in some is deep crimson, almost black at the heart; in others it is cameo-pink, changing to rich cream tints at the centre; others are the bright yellow that mellows into gold; others are the white that is like melted moonlight in the petal cup. The wealth of odor and coloring was the result of animal food. That mysterious libation which I have seen poured at their roots was strong beef tea, made from fresh cuts of beef and strained. The old gardener himself invented the idea.

Beauty Not Skin Deep. Science says that beauty is not skin deep. She can tell you that half the charm of a pretty face—at least the expression—is a matter of little muscles and a complex labyrinth of nerves. That the curves of the lips, the glance of the eyes, the droop of their lids, are a matter of the prevalent use of certain small muscles in obedience to a prevalent aspect of the mind. Moreover, that the use of these organs of expression has come down long ancestral lines, and that the mould of the features themselves is a question of heredity.

A Fair of Fair Women. Among other "exhibits" mentioned in the programme of the All-Russian Exposition to be held at Nijni. Novgorod in 1896 is a "Beauty Competition." For this show of fair women no aspirant coming from abroad is eligible. The candidates may be spinsters, wives or widows.

Priestley's Dress Materials

Every lady should be interested in the fact that the Priestley's Dress Materials are to be had from the better class of dealers throughout Canada. For beauty, texture and enduring quality, they are unequalled. Manufactured as they are in pure wool, and in silk and wool interwoven, these goods have a soft richness which is a perfect delight to a lady of taste.

Priestley's goods are mostly in black and in black and white.

A gown in Priestley's fabrics retains its style and beauty as long as there is anything of it left, hence they are the most economical for all classes.

The Improved "RIDER" Compression Hot-Air Pumping Engine.

These Engines are Used for Pumping Water for a Great Variety of Purposes.

FOR CITY HOUSES, where the water from the mains does not rise sufficiently high to supply the upper floors. For this purpose the Engine is placed in the cellar and the tank on the roof; the water is pumped directly from the mains up to the tank. This arrangement furnishes running water on every floor of the highest houses.

FOR SUBURBAN RESIDENCES they are invaluable from a sanitary point of view alone, and the luxury of having plenty of pure running water on the several floors of a country home cannot be over-estimated, and is a very great protection in case of fire.

Absolute safety. No steam. Valveless. Practically noiseless. No exhaust. Economical. No licensed or experienced engineer required—gardeners and ordinary domestic help can regulate them. Do not affect insurance. Extremely simple. Can be used where steam would be objectionable. All parts of Engine and pump can be examined without difficulty. Can replenish the fire without stopping the Engine. Can be arranged to pump out of deep wells, either dug or artesian, or driven wells.

—WHITE FOR CIRCULAR—

J. S. CURRIE, - - 41 Dock St.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

IT BRINGS RESULTS. IT REACHES THE HOMES.

THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter,



This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

- Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes.
- Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable.
- No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room.
- Prints from the type direct. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order.
- Prints on flat surface. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike—easily mastered.
- Writing always in sight. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work.
- Corrections and insertions easily made.
- Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies

Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price—\$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all inquiries for further information.

IRAD CORNWALL,
Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Bldg., St. John, N. B., or from the following agents: E. Ward Thorne, St. John, N. B.; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews, N. B.; T. G. Davidson, Edmundston, N. B.; Van Meter, Bunkers & Co., Moncton, N. B.; J. F. Ross, Sackville, N. B.; H. A. White, Sussex, N. B.; A. M. Hoare, Knowledge Book Store, Halifax, N. S.; J. Bryanton, Amherst, N. S.; W. P. Kompton, Yarmouth, N. S.; D. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

AGENTS WANTED.

IT RESCUES AND CURES!

Paine's Celery Compound the Beacon Light and Life-Boat for the Sick and Suffering.

AIR—"PULL FOR THE SHORE."

Light in the darkness, sufferer, rescue is near! Cast off despair and gloom, and be of good cheer; Drear are the long days, sufferer, sad is thy strife; Use Paine's Celery Compound, and restore health and life.

Trust in that medicine, sufferer, all else will fail; Use it, weak and lifeless one, now thin and pale; It gives thee life-blood sufferer, rich, clear and pure; Builds up flesh and muscle sufferer, that will endure. Ho! then, ye sick, etc.

HO! then, ye sick and sad, languish no more; Happier and brighter days for you are in store; Health, strength and happiness for all are surely found, In that King of Medicines, Paine's Celery Compound.

Hark to the sound, poor sufferers! hear ye the strain? Thousands of happy ones now chant the refrain: "Health, strength, new life and vigor, we all have found In that wondrous medicine, Paine's Celery Compound." Ho! then, ye sick, etc.



NEW MOURNING GOWNS.

The figure at the right has a deep Courtland crape over Endora cloth. The triple crape is covered with crape. The veil is of black silk muslin with a deep border of Courtland crape. The central figure shows proper mourning for young lady for father or brother. It is of crape and mourning cashmere. The child's gown is also of cashmere with crape trimming. The gown at the left is of mohair crape cloth made in simple mourning style with folds.

but seems, like the brook, to go on forever. I am afraid the art of good talking is not a thing to be cultivated, but a natural gift just like beauty or music, to be

which she does it makes the offence all the more unpardonable. I know some of the nicest and brightest women who seem to have made a resolution never to allow any of their friends to finish

HANGED FOR A MOTHER'S CRIME

One of the Noblest Actions in the Annals of Murder.

Mr. Greville relates in his "Memoirs," that in November, 1829, he was on a visit at Rochampton at Lord Clifden's residence, when Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, and Thomas Moore, the poet, were also guests.

Mackintosh and Moore told a great many anecdotes, but one morning at breakfast Moore related a story which struck the company very forcibly. Mackintosh said it was enough to furnish materials for a novel, but that the simple narrative was so striking it ought to be written down without exaggeration or addition.

The late Sir Philip Crompton, Bart., the surgeon-general for Ireland, told it to Moore, and Moore repeated it in Crompton's words, which Mr. Greville wrote down as nearly as he could remember them.

"Some years ago I was present at a duel that was fought between a young man of the name of MacLaughlin and another Irishman. MacLaughlin was desperately wounded; his second ran up to him and begged to console him with the intelligence that his antagonist had also fallen. He only replied, 'I am sorry for it if he is suffering as much as I do now.'"

"I was struck by the good feeling evinced in this reply, and took an interest in the fate of the young man. He recovered, and a few years afterwards my interest again was powerfully excited by hearing that he had been arrested on suspicion of having murdered his father-in-law, his mother's second husband. He was tried and found guilty on the evidence of a soldier who happened to be passing in the middle of the night near the house in which the murder was committed. Attracted by a light which gleamed through the lower part of the window, he approached it, and through an opening between the shutter and the frame was able to look into the room. There he saw a man in the act of lifting a dead body from the floor, while his hands and clothes were stained all over with blood. He hastened to give information of what he had seen.

"MacLaughlin and his mother were apprehended, and the former, having been identified by the soldier as found guilty. There was no evidence against the woman, and she was consequently acquitted. MacLaughlin conducted himself throughout the trial with determined calmness, and never could be induced to acknowledge his guilt.

"The morning of the execution he had an interview with his mother. None knew what passed between them, but when they parted he was heard to say: 'Mother, may God forgive you!' The fate of this young man made a deep impression on me till time and passing events effaced the occurrence from my mind.

"It was several years afterwards that I one day received a letter from a lady (a very old intimate acquaintance) entreating that I would immediately hasten down to the assistance of a Roman Catholic priest who was lying dangerously ill at his house, the symptoms of whose malady she described. Her description left me doubtful whether the man or the body of the patient was affected.

"Being unable to leave Dublin, I wrote to say that if the disease was bodily the case was hopeless; but if mental, I should recommend certain unctions, for which I added a prescription. The priest died, and shortly after death the lady confided to me an extraordinary and dreadful story. He had been her confessor and intimate friend, and in moments of agony and doubt, produced by horrible recollections, he had revealed to her a secret which had been imparted to him in confession. He had received the dying confession of MacLaughlin, who, as it turned out, was not the murderer of his father-in-law, but had died to save the life and honor of his mother, by whom the crime had been really committed. She had quarrelled with her husband in the middle of the night, and, after throwing him from the bed, had despatched him by repeated blows.

"When she found he was dead she was seized with terror, and hastening to the apartment of her son, called him to witness the shocking spectacle and to save her from the consequences of her crime. It was at this moment, when he was lifting the body and preparing to remove the bloody evidence of his mother's guilt, that the soldier passed by, and saw him in the performance of his dreadful task. To the priest alone he acknowledged the truth, but his last words to his mother were now explained."

Canada's Field Pea Crop.

The following is from the Rural New Yorker: "The field pea is an important crop in Canada, partly because it succeeds in localities where corn cannot be grown, and partly because in many localities the pea weevil, which infests peas grown in the states, is not known. It was long the habit of farmers near the Canada line to send north for seed peas free from the weevil. When Canada seed peas were procured each spring one or two crops and sometimes more could be grown in the states free from bugs before the pest would reappear."

Wales was Butter-Fingered. It reports to be true, the Prince of Wales has only once taken part in a cricket match. He was a young man fresh from Oxford, and was playing in a match at the Viceregal Lodge at Dublin. The Prince missed two obvious catches, and his misfortune did not end here. When he went in to bat, the bowler sent a slow lob, and the Prince's middle stump fell. He has never played cricket since.

CHANGE OF SEASONS.

The budding forth of plant life as spring advances reminds one forcibly of the changes that are constantly going on in nature. Not a man exempt from this change of the seasons, for with the spring comes either renewed strength and vigor, or a feeling of lassitude and a generally enervated condition. If you have that tired exhausted feeling you require a course of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, the greatest invigorator, blood purifier, appetizer and restorative tonic of the age. All druggists sell it. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is so all that it is made of, and more. It is a great blood and flesh builder, restores healthy digestion and renews the whole system.

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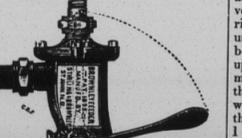
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TOSSING COINS.

The Chances of Three Pennies Coming Down Heads or Tails.

Supposing a man to toss three pennies in the air, what are the chances of their coming down all heads or tails? This is a question discussed in a recent number of Nature by Francis Galton, of the Royal Society. He upsets a popular delusion regarding the laws of chance. It is obvious that at least two of the coins thrown in the air must turn up alike, for when the coins are on the ground there must always be either two heads or tails showing. The question then is as to the chance of the third coin turning up a head or a tail. It is of course an even chance whether a third coin turns one side or the other.

It is, therefore, an even chance that all three coins will be alike? Mr. Galton says it is not an even chance, and that the man who bets his money on such a theory would lose in the end. He says the relative chance of all three coins turning up alike is two to eight, and he figures it out in this way: There are two different and equally probable ways in which a coin may turn up, there are four ways in which two coins may turn up, and there are eight ways in which three coins may do so. Of these eight ways one is all heads and another is all tails. While it is an even chance whether a third coin is heads or tails, it is not an even chance that the third coin will turn the same as the other.

In order to test the matter Mr. Galton tossed three coins three times. Only twice did they come up all alike, while the third coin was equally divided between heads and tails. Mr. Galton then made 120 throws of dice, with three dice in each throw, the odd numbers counting as heads and the even numbers as tails. The 120 throws were divided into three groups of forty in each, and gave the result of all alike—8, 12, 8, total, 28, as against not all alike—32, 28, 32; total, 92. This seemed to settle the matter, and indicated that the most probable expectation in the case of the dice was 30 to 90.

Ingenuous Smuggling.

One of the most ingenious devices for smuggling was detected in Russia not long ago. A great number of false banknotes had been put into circulation within the dominion of the czar. They could only have been imported, and although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no trace of the smuggling of false notes was discovered. Accident, however, at last, brought the mystery to light. It happened that several of the czars' pencils arrived one day from England, and while examining one of them fell out of a package and the Custom House officer, picking it up, cut it to a point, and used it to sign the order which delivered up the pencils to the consignee. He kept the loose pencil for his own use, and a few days afterwards, because it again needed a new point, he cut it again, and found that there was no more lead. He cut still further, and was surprised to find a thin roll of paper nestled in the hollow place where the lead was supposed to be. The paper was one of the false notes, and in this way they had been smuggled into the country.

Gladstone's One Sleepless Night.

The following anecdote, which appears in the "Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life," is worthy of preservation. It was told at a dinner-party by the great man himself. Gladstone said that all through his life he had been an excellent sleeper, and it was only on one occasion that he had ever lost a night's rest. All drew up their chairs more closely to hear the extraordinary story. They expected it might be some story of the greatest importance. "I had been trying," he said, "to cut down an oak at Bagley, and was getting on with it very well. Then I heard the dinner bell ring, and I was obliged to leave the work unfinished, although not more than half to be done. As I took my candle and went up stairs, the wind had risen high and was making a great noise. I went to bed, and then the thought occurred to me that the wind would topple down my oak. The thought occurred to me again and again, and I really lost a good night's rest through that oak."

A New Use For Cats.

Cats are coming to the front as useful animals in our larger cities where all wires are laid underground. They have been utilized as carriers of wires through the tubes. A wire is fastened to the feline's collar, and the animal is pushed into the tube with the addition to "scat." The tube is too small to turn round in, so there is nothing to do but find an outlet at the other end, which is done in the course of time. When we lay our wires underground, which will be done in the year when our electric lights burn all night and our new opera house is dedicated, our surplus cats will come very handy, and in the interest of these useful and musical animals this item is published.

The Boy Who Hugged Queen Victoria.

A friend of mine was at Westminster School. One day he was sent on a commission just before closing time. Tearing down the cloisters at full speed, he came suddenly upon a lady in black turning the corner. Being unable to check himself to avoid knocking her down, he caught her in his arms, lifted her aside with an apology, and rushed on. On his return the porter informed him, "You will be had up before the dean, sir;" and when the boy protested, he was told that he had insulted the Queen. The lady in black was her Majesty the Queen, on her way to pay a quiet visit to Lady Augusta Stauley. The boy, however, escaped further consequences.

An Original Jury.

A jury in Virginia were shut up for the night in an upstairs room because they could not agree—but getting out by some means, serenaded the judge, the lawyers and all the parties concerned in the case, and made the town otherwise lively until morning. Georgia juries are nothing if not original.

Tired of Him.

Small Boy—I wish you would come over to the house and see about our new baby. Dr. Resper—What's the matter with the new baby, my boy? Small Boy—I want you to take him back.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT FOR HOUSEHOLD USE. FACT NOT HAVE SURVIVED FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT IT POSSESSES VERY MUCH MORE THAN ORDINARY MERIT. FOR INTERNAL AS MUCH AS EXTERNAL USE.

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CRUEL TELEGRAPHIC HOAXES.

How Mr. Braviston Travelled Fourteen Thousand Miles Uselessly.

A few months ago there appeared in PROGRESS a story entitled "Cabling by Code," which told of the surprising mistakes of a lady and a gentleman by confusing different telegraphic codes, and the vast amount of travelling their mistakes caused them. In a more recent number of PROGRESS there was a story of how a message was sent from Duxbury, Mass., to Duxbury, Mass., via Canoe, Newfoundland, etc., etc.—a distance of seven thousand miles. The following surprising adventures in connection with ocean telegraphy occurred to a cable operator stationed at this same Duxbury, Mass.

The managing director of a prominent cable company had been on a tour of inspection throughout the line. After visiting New York, Halifax, Canoe, and other American points, he terminated his inspection at the Irish station.

His visit to this station led to the perpetration of a cruel practical joke. A vacancy for a principal clerkship having occurred, the managing director offered it by cable to one of the proteges, George Braviston, then in Duxbury. This offer was sent as a "deadhead," through the Braviston's brother, an operator in a rival company. It ran as follows:— "Vacancy for chief clerkship, Irish Station, fifteen pounds per month. Wire acceptance and come immediately."

But some wagish clerk maliciously changed the fifteen into thirty, thus leading Braviston to imagine that he was on the road to fortune. He immediately wired "Thanks, accepted," and took the first ship for Queenstown. On arriving at the cable station he was horrified to find that his salary was only half what it had been announced. He refused to accept the appointment, as he was occupying a better one in Duxbury. There he returned.

It will scarcely be credited, but this same George Braviston was similarly victimized a year later. He was a great friend of the secretary of a certain Atlantic company, who offered him the position of assistant superintendent of a station in France. The offer was eagerly accepted and Braviston once more took ship for Europe. But when he arrived on the spot, he was given to understand by a couple of wags who knew their man, that he was an outsider, was taking a position which really belonged to the senior clerk in the station. They said that he would be boycotted by the entire staff, and probably violently assaulted by the enraged senior whose place he had come to take.

This same Braviston seriously reflect on the position he was about to find himself in. More sensitive than Thompson's galvanometer he determined not to brave the anger of the infuriated senior or the boycott of the staff, and immediately left the town, without reporting his arrival to the superintendent of the station. If he had done so he would have found that the whole story was a hoax invented by these two men. They had heard of his escapade in Ireland, and thought he would be an excellent medium for another practical joke. They were not disappointed.

Thus he had travelled 14,000 miles at his own expense in order to find that he had been, in both cases, the victim of practical joking. He is now a professor at Harvard college, and is devoted to the study of excellent medium for another practical joke. They were not disappointed.

Mr. Pullman's Compromise.

The architect of Pullman was W. W. Beman. He was justly proud of his work and justly anxious to be identified with the memory of posterity. So one day, soon after the tower was completed, he came to the proprietor and said: "Mr. Pullman, if you haven't decided on any name for the new tower, what do you think of calling it 'Beman' from the man who designed it?" "Um—m," said the magnate. "Fact is, I had thought of calling the place 'Pullman,' from the man who built it and paid for it."

"However," Mr. Pullman added, as he observed a look of disappointment on the architect's face, "however, I'm not particular. Now what do you say to a compromise? Suppose we take the first syllable of my name, 'Pull,' and the second syllable of your name, 'man.' There we have it, 'Pull,' 'man'—'Pullman.' You see, that combines your idea with mine."

An Attempt at Assassination.

King William III was passionately fond of the chase and made it a point never to be outdone in any leap, however perilous. A Mr. Cherry, who was devoted to the exiled family, took advantage of this to plan the most pardonable design which was ever formed against a king's life. He regularly joined the royal hounds, put himself foremost and took the most desperate leaps, in the hope that William might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently dangerous that the king, when he came to the spot, shook his head and drew back. It is said that Mr. Cherry at length broke his own neck, and thereby relieved the king from further hazard.

Cause For Alarm.

Aunt Wayback—Quick, Josh! let us get away from here. Uncle Josh—What's the matter? Aunt Wayback—I just heard one o' them women say she was goin' ter cut some man dead her next time she seed him. I guess she's one o' them female anarchists we heard tell of.

The Old, Old Story Revised.

Bashful Young man: "Ahem—Sally—ahem—" Sally (encouragingly): "Well, George?" B.Y.M.: "Sally, do you 'pose your mamma would be willin' to be my mother-in-law?"

I was cured of lame back after suffering 15 years by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS. I was cured of diphtheria after doctors failed by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Antigonish. JOHN A. FORRY. I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Dalhousie. MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS.

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IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

WHEN THE CITY FATHERS CHAIBED THE UNBURY.

When the Mayor and Aldermen Acted as Police—An Old Time Story of a Breach of Promise Case—The Tale of a Packet Found on the Sidewalk.

(The Daily Record.)

In a previous number, an article appeared referring to the deficiency of the police force early in the forties. The fights and rowdiness that prevailed in the streets here at that time old inhabitants say are indescribable. We have already seen how the grand jury took action in calling attention to the proper authorities regarding the establishment of a better police force. Shortly after this the citizens themselves took the matter in hand. Large public meetings were held which were attended by all the leading citizens. A volunteer force was formed to assist the regular police. This force contained hundreds of the then leading people of the place who took their turn in acting as guardians of the city. The present article copied from an issue of the News shows how riotous people could become in those days and the city would have to yield to any outbreak. That issue contains the following:

Our streets (in St. John) last evening, presented a truly disgraceful scene of rioting; and of such a magnitude as we have been seldom called upon to witness. It appears that a party ribbon, well known in Ireland, had been hoisted on a flag-staff, in rear of the city, which gave offence to certain individuals belonging to an opposite party, and they accordingly pulled the staff down. The owner of the premises, at this piece of daring, became quite indignant, and threatened death to the rioters. He was prevented, however, putting his threat into practice, which he most assuredly would have done, had it not been for some by-standers. This party-feeling which had been stirred up in the morning, continued to wax warm through the day and at half past six o'clock it broke forth like a volcano. On looking out of our office window, we beheld a dense crowd collected near the St. John Hotel; there could not have been fewer than 1000 persons—some shouting and yelling and screaming at the highest pitch of their voices, in the most deprecating terms, and making use of epithets on party character, truly disgraceful to hear. On going up the street, and reaching the crowd, we found it in a perfect state of commotion, as if all the evil spirits of the city had got into its midst; some were striking, others were defending themselves; torn shirts, black eyes, and bloody noses appeared very conspicuous and alarmingly frightful; the more peaceable, were for getting out of danger as fast as they could, while the curious—like ourselves—to know what all the trouble was about, were running into it, so that between the scammers to get out, and the scammers to get into the crowd, the scene that presented itself was one of indescribable and awful confusion. The crowd now moved down King Street, en masse, and suddenly turned off into Germain Street, and back again into King Street, fighting and yelling as they moved along. The Mayor and several of the Magistrates, and also officers M'Geahy and Stockford, appeared to be the only force arrayed against the rioters, but they performed their parts manfully. As soon as any of them would arrest an offender whom they singled out, it was a signal for a fresh outbreak of violence; the deprecators would then rush to the rescue, and carry everything before them by main force. On reaching the foot of King Street, the mob turned off into Water Street, where one of the rioters was arrested, and handed over to the Alderman Peters—who conveyed him up the Arcade steps into Prince William Street. The mob being unable to force its way through this narrow defile, broke ground and divided—some running one way, and some another to get into Prince William Street by the nearest route. For the purpose, apparently, of rescuing the prisoner. By this time the Alderman was conducting his prisoner up Church street, on his way to jail; and as soon as the mob united again, the same disposition was shown for rescuing; but the Mayor and several gentlemen interfered most stoutly, and prevented, as much as possible, the crowd following up Church street—consequently, the prisoner was finally lodged in jail. Two others were also conveyed there, by other hands—where all three now lie awaiting their trial; and we trust such an example will be made of them as will be the means of preventing, for the future, any more such disgraceful outbreaks caused by the ebullition of party feeling.

St. John had its sensations in the forties just as well as it has at the present day. Early in 1843 the News contained this interesting article which we publish in full. It reads as follows:—

We, we are a lucky fellow to be sure! Dull as the times are, scarcely a day passes, without some new adventure or ludicrous incident crossing our smooth and noiseless path. Last night as we were trudging home after correcting our proof, we thought we perceived a small paper packet lying on the sidewalk, and upon stooping down to satisfy ourselves, found that our organs of vision were not

deceived. There it was certainly, a packet closely and neatly folded up! With the instinct of curiosity natural to all, we seized hold of it, and hurried back to our sanctum, to discover the nature of our prize, the contents of which will be found below.

The packet bore no direction nor was it sealed, but simply bound round by a thin slip of blue ribbon. We untied the knot, (not a lover's) and not knowing but that it might have been originally intended for ourselves, we read the following case. The names of the parties, it is hardly necessary to state are fictitious.

STATEMENT.

Mr. Grub. According to your request of this morning, I have endeavored to put upon paper such of the facts connected with "that very inhuman affair" as female delicacy would sanction. You must know then sir, that one day about two months ago, as I was taking an innocent stroll on Jeffrey's Hill in company with my little nephew (a child of eight years old) and gazing on the beautiful windings of the Creek, I was somewhat annoyed by the attentions of an elderly gentleman in black. He had previously followed me through several streets of the city, and just as I was congratulating myself on my escape from his rude behavior, I turned round in my head and to my extreme mortification, beheld him close at my side! Good heavens! thought I, what can that person mean, he surely does not intend to murder me. Unluckily I at this moment thought of Miss Mary Rodgers and her hapless fate. My heart beat quick, and I trembled from head to foot.

"Here Johnny run home to ma as fast as you can, run—run—there's a love!" Away went Johnny, and I fainted with—fright. As I gradually came to my senses, I found myself in the arms of the stranger, who was apparently gazing upon me captivated with my beauty. "Leave me air, leave me, how dare you?—oh that my brother were here!" The gentleman in black, now gently released his hold of me, and putting on a very supplicating air, he thus addressed me.

"Sweet lady, pardon me—a thousand pardons, but your beauty and simplicity have thrown such a magic around my head, (laying his hand expressively on his left side) that—if I might venture, if I might hope one day to—Madam By Heaven I love you!"

As I was not prepared for such a violent and passionate declaration from a complete stranger, I darted upon him a look of ineffable scorn, and prepared to take my departure. Perceiving my intention, he fell upon one knee, and imploringly beseeched me to remain but for a moment longer. But it is needless to acquaint you with what passed on that luckless occasion. Suffice it to say that the old gentleman was so pressing, so fatherly, and spoke so largely of his money and his house, that I could not resist his entreaty to meet him again. We did meet again, and a reciprocal affection sprang up between us. My lover had never yet been to our house, but expressed a strong desire to meet my relations, of whom I had spoken in flattering terms. Not being, however, as yet prepared for that step, I suggested the propriety of his writing me a formal declaration, alleging it would be an excuse for my introducing him to my brother, who was very tenacious of the family honor. This I received on the following day, which is in these words:—

Angel of my adoration, receive the overflows of a youthful heart, which beats alone for thee.—How long and tediously the hours have sped since last we met! This may not be, my dear Susan—loveliest of women—say when shall be the happy day? This day week! Let no maidenly scruples as to money affairs, interfere with thy determination. Thy parents must and will consent. I have plenty for us both. The day we wed, £3000 a year shall be thy dowry.—Remember, to-morrow I shall expect to meet your relations!

Ever thine,
CONSTANT BLOWHARD.

On the following day, everything was arranged, and at the appointed hour Mr Blowhard was duly ushered into our best apartments, which had been duly prepared for his reception, but never shall I forget the look of consternation depicted on his countenance, as he surveyed the extent of our worldly goods and chattels, and the number of my half ragged brothers and sisters. I put on my blandest smile, however, and taking him lovingly by the hand, led him up to my mother, and he went through the ceremony of introduction. At this moment—unlucky chance—my brother, who, to tell the truth, is plain, simple, and bush-like in his manners, came rolling into the room in a state of intoxication. He stared at my lover for a few moments, and reeling towards him forcibly seized him by the hand.

"How are you, old boy—Blow—Blow—what's your name. Isn't it you that's going to marry Susy. Come, old cock, launch out, and stand treat!"

I plainly saw now that all was over, the spell was dissolved, so taking Blowhard on one side, I explained to him as well as I could, that my family were highly respectable—but that we were reduced. He endeavored to stammer out something like an apology for his visit, was afraid he had made a mistake, and so forth. I have never seen him since.

These are the circumstances which Mr. Grub will take into consideration, and if he thinks £3000 can be recovered as the damages for blighted affections, the action may be commenced without delay.

We regret that we have not Mr. Blowhard's opinion on this highly important case, which doubtless will contain many novel and interesting speculations. We hope at the same time we have not deprived him of a fee, nor the young squire of her claim to damages. Should the cause be brought on for trial at the next Supreme Court, our reporter will be in attendance, when it is likely many amusing circumstances will transpire.

Miss Susan Grub, or her counsel Mr. Blowhard can have the original contents of the packet, by calling at our office.

"YOUR LIFE IS NOT WORTH A STRAW."

Not worth a straw, eh? Then it was worth just nothing—nothing at all. Who has not used that comparison a thousand times to express absolute worthlessness? A straw? The wind blows it away, fire burns it up, cattle tread it in the mud, it rots by the roadside. What of it? The care for a straw?

Yet this is exactly what a doctor recently said to one of his patients, "Your life is not worth a straw." How much is a doctor worth who will speak so to one that trusts him, and has no hope but in the truth, and at auction, I would bid one far for him—no more. Even if what he said were true, he had no right to say it. Such a doctor is more likely to kill with the tongue than to cure with his drugs.

A woman tells the story, and she tells it well. It doesn't sound like the truth, then I don't know what ever does. The dates and the facts are all very plain and orderly.

"In the summer of 1878," she says, "I found myself feeling tired, languid, low-spirited, and weak. I felt as some evil spirit had taken possession of me. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had excruciating pain at my joints and sides. There was a horrible gnawing pain at the pit of my stomach, and a rising in the throat as if I should choke. My head felt as though I had ton weight on it. Gradually I got worse, and for months could take only liquid food. At night I lay awake for hours together."

"Later on I suffered greatly from nervous prostration. My legs trembled and shook so I feared to fall. If a knock came to the door I trembled from head to foot. I had frequent attacks which began with palpitation of the heart and stoppage of the breath. At these times I was speechless and helpless. They say I looked like a corpse, cold and bloodless, my fingernails and lips having turned black. After a while this would pass off, leaving me weak and prostrate. I got so emaciated and thin that I was only a bag of bones, and so weak I had to hold on to the furniture to steady myself as I crossed the room. As time went on the nervousness and forebodings of evil so increased that I feared I should go out of my mind. The neighbors said it would be a mercy if the Lord would release me from my sufferings."

"In this condition I continued for over four years, during which time I consulted five doctors, but nothing they gave me did any good. They all said, 'Your life is not worth a straw.'"

"In despair I gave up taking physic, as I felt that nothing would save me. In May, 1882, ten years ago, a lady (Mrs. Richardson) called on me, and told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and strongly advised me to try it. I did so, and felt somewhat better after the first bottle; and by the time I had taken three bottles I was completely cured. From that to this I have had no return of the attacks, and am so strong I can do any work. But for Mother Seigel's Syrup I should have been a grave long ago. I wish others to know this, and will answer any who call or write."

(Signed) EMMA WICKENDEN (wife of William Wickenden, gardener) Pembroke Villas, 123, Moffat Road, Thornton Heath, March 17th, 1892.

So it turned out that her life was not only worth a straw, but worth a whole golden harvest of health and better days. Yet no thanks to the doctors. Her complicated symptoms puzzled and alarmed them, to be sure, but why? Is it not the doctors' duty to understand such things? Most assuredly. Just as a lawyer should know the law, a pilot the rocks, tides, and lights of a coast. Had some of these medical men known that Mrs. Wickenden's malady was indigestion and dyspepsia, and not heart disease, they might possibly have believed her. But, "Naw," he said, "we are having a free and easy!" They decided that they would not stay, but would go to the next church. They did so. Here again they were confronted by a man at the door. "This is choir practice," he said, "we only rang the bell to let the church know." They tried another church, but that one was undergoing repairs, so they went home, and decided to put off their prayer meetings till the holiday season was past.

HONOR WILMOT AND FISHER.

Governor Fraser Tells how Two Honored Men Should be Still More Honored.

Governor Fraser is rapidly making a name for himself as one of the most active and capable first officers this province has ever had. His aim, since he assumed the position, has been the interests of New Brunswick and the supporting of the best social and otherwise, that are subservient to the general good. His latest project, though not to be reckoned from a mercenary standpoint, is one that will meet the wishes of the best people of the province irrespective of creed or party. In a recent address in the Methodist church, Fredericton, Governor Fraser, in speaking of the late Hon. L. A. Wilmot and Hon. Charles Fisher, suggested that it was due to the memory of these talented sons of New Brunswick that their portraits should adorn the legislative assembly hall as the fathers of responsible government in this province. This should be done. The cost will be small while it is a just tribute to departed worth. They did much for the upbuilding of the province, they helped to make us independent as we are, they got for us a boon that only came to the United States after years of war and suffering. They are fully deserve honor as Washington. He reached his desires by means of the sword, they won our deliverance by their forensic ability and diplomatic skill. The honor is due, and should have been paid long ago. His Honor, Governor Fraser, will have the support of the best people in the project and he deserves the thanks of all for the suggestion.

History of the Pen.

The first pens were made of bronze, steel and iron, sharp pointed like a bodkin. These were used in producing hieroglyphics on stone in Assyria, and other Eastern countries. Then came the camel's hair pencil for painting on the skins of animals, and next the stylus of bone, ivory or metal. But parchments and papyrus became known,

and the reed pen was invented. Time rolled on, and it was discovered that the quill was better than the reed, and it came into universal use, and continued so until late into the present century. Silver, horn, tortoise shell and glass came along only to give way to steel, until in 1830 a gross of the latter pens was made in Birmingham and sold at wholesale for \$36. The best gold pens are made in the United States.

STORIES OF CITY AND COUNTRY.

Two Clerks' Vacation—A Warrant at a Funeral, and Much More of Interest.

A gentleman picked up a penny token the other day on King street and proceeded to show it to his friends as a valuable find. It was encased in sand but its size and thickness indicated that it might be a coin. After several had seen it one thought him to try the ring of the metal. It fell and as bits of sand went scattering on the floor an old wagon washer was disclosed. The gentleman felt a good deal like Scott's antiquarian when he learned the true source of Burton's wounds or like Pickwick when his ancient inscription was translated.

One of the newest things in "penny-in-the-slot machines is in one of the cafes. You drop your nickel and draw a poker hand. A pair of jacks or better brings a cigar, three of a kind brings two cigars, a full house, better still, etc. It is an easy way to play the great American game and many nickels are dropped there.

Two clerks in one of the largest crockery stores are on vacation. They are not having as joyful a time as they intended. The fact is they both are partial to the same young lady who lives some miles in the country. Neither knew the object of the other's preference and when they asked for a short vacation they did not expect to spend part of it together. But they did, and the situation for a time was embarrassing. One took the early train for the home of his best beloved and arrived safely. The forest fires were raging and he volunteered to aid his intended father-in-law in his fight for the domicile. He went to the fallow with the old man, and the daughter shortly after appeared with a luncheon. They were picking wild flowers when the other clerk arrived at the farm house. He went in and after a few minutes asked for the young lady. He was told where she was and soon was wending his way to the meadow, the old lady giving him a peck on the cheek as he passed out but not telling him that Tom was ahead of him. As he passed a clump of spruce he suddenly came on the lad and lassie seated on a fallen log discussing the old old story, probably.

"Gosh, said the vacationer, I thought you were taking a new comer!" "I am, ain't I?" was the reply, "you better take some too!" Now they are getting restless by their brother clerks.

Three young men on an evening lately left their hotel to attend a church of a certain denomination in a remote part of the city. They had not been there before, and not knowing the way asked an old gent who had a large accent, suggestive of the land across the channel.

"Where is the G. P. H. church?" Pointing with his cane, he said, "Do you see yon steeple? well, there's another church behind that!" Taking this rather obtuse direction they found the church after some difficulty. Going in they heard the clatter of plates. "Is it prayer meeting tonight," they asked a young man at the door. "Naw," he said, "we are having a free and easy!" They decided that they would not stay, but would go to the next church. They did so. Here again they were confronted by a man at the door. "This is choir practice," he said, "we only rang the bell to let the church know." They tried another church, but that one was undergoing repairs, so they went home, and decided to put off their prayer meetings till the holiday season was past.

Mrs. Lydia Von Finkelstein Mountford thinks that St. John is just like Jerusalem. Mrs. Lydia Von Finkelstein Mountford deserves the thanks of the citizens generally for this very favorable comment upon conditions in this city?

The city is full of Gordons and Gordon Aberdeens and any one who says that St. John is not as loyal as it ever was is misinformed. There are as many youthful Gordon Aberdeens bawling lustily in their nurses arms at this present moment as once upon a time their used to be Samuel Leonard Tilley's. A mother's greatest compliment to a person is to name her child after him, so the numerousness of Gordon Aberdeens about here is a favorable commentary to the popularity of the Governor General among the ladies.

James Fowler is a constable, but he is not a pugilist, neither is he a sprinter. He attempted to serve a warrant on Mr. William Bourke at Quaco while the latter was attending the funeral of the late Mrs. McDonough yesterday and soon assumed mourning. Although he quickly donned black it was not of his own free will and accord. Mr. Bourke considered that if ever a man had a right to assault a minion of the law it was when the said minion attempted to earn fifty cents at a funeral, and Mr. Bourke put the said conclusion in practice by knocking the said Fowler down. When he arose one eye had assumed the garb of grief and the other out of sympathy had put on a blood-shot appearance. It is evident that Mr. Bourke considers that there is a time and place for everything, even the serving of an execution and that time and that place is not at a public funeral. Probably Mr. Bourke thinks the same now, particularly if the paper reads "William Bourke."

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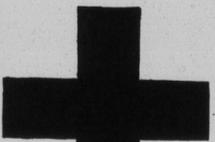
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A FISH-PATTERN BOAT.

A Successful Trial of the Model of a Fin-Propeller Craft.

The little knot of idlers who lounge about under the shadow of the Ericson statue, near the Battery wall, were treated yesterday to an exhibition of a working model of a fin-propeller boat designed and patented by Frank Taff of Whitestone, L. I. For more than a year Mr. Taff has closely studied the movements of fishes with the view to applying, if possible, the principle of the fish's tail movement to the propulsion of boats. As nearly as mechanical skill could adapt the principle to iron and steel Mr. Taff has done so, and yesterday he took his model to the Government slip for a trial.

The model is 5 feet 3 inches long, 8 inches wide, and draws 5 inches of water. She was fitted with a small vertical engine of 1/2 inch stroke whose boiler carried twenty pounds of steam to develop about 1-30 of a horse power.

Along the sides of the hull are four black fins, two on a side. These fins are patterned after the tail of a fish, and the main surface, which is called the web, is thinned down toward the edges and strengthened by ribs of pliable metal. The fins run on the shaft in pairs, and the shafts instead of running the length of the boat as in the case of screw propellers, run transversely, and projecting a short distance beyond the sides of the boat have the fins fixed in their ends. When the engine is started the shafts revolve and the fins, by their motion the fins are set wriggling after the manner of a fish's tail. In order to avoid the vibration of the boat that would naturally be caused by such a motion, the two shafts are so coupled to the engine that they work alternately.

At about 2 o'clock Mr. Taff lighted the small gasoline lamp under the boiler and steam was up in a short time. Then for the open river, following in a row boat. The model began to glide away slowly at first, but soon her speed accumulated and she cut through the waves like a torpedo. There was no churning water, and as is seen in the case of screw propellers but the little craft spun along as if upon invisible wings. As the rougher water of the river was reached Mr. Taff found that the choppy waves were too much for



his model. Not wishing to have her sunk, he rowed up and extinguished the light. The trial was a success, and when the model was brought ashore Mr. Taff said:

"I think that I have at last put my idea into practical shape. There is a great loss of power in the screw propeller system owing to the slip of the screw, the distance between the engines and the screw, and the increased resistance of the water when it is struck such powerfully blows by the blades of a wheel or screw. Nature undoubtedly gave fishes the best of propelling devices and the application of the principle to vessels will do to reach the ideal. I have tried to do that, and how well I have succeeded will no doubt be proved when I can fit up a larger craft with the fins."

In Mr. Taff's invention the fins are driven rapidly in and out from the sides of the boat, and owing to their flexibility they drive the boat ahead. Heretofore experiments with fin or fish-like propellers have been made by attaching them astern in the manner of a rudder, but such a motion has never succeeded in moving the boat clearly through the water. In Mr. Taff's idea the whole fin moves forth in the water. The problem of backing has also been solved by the inventor, as when he desires to do this he reverses the fins by means of a lever attached to the shafts. In large ships the single transverse shaft could be divided at the centre, and each half attached to a separate engine. This would admit of reversing one set of fins while going ahead with the other, in order to turn the boat quickly. There may be any number of fins along the sides of the boat.

Stranger than the Recent Halifax Case.

The strange story recently told of Monsieur L. Bernard, who was registered, baptized, habited, conventionally educated, and continuously treated as a girl until he came to man's estate, when he explained matters, and took unto himself a wife had its parallel in Scotland. James Barry M. D., Edinburgh, was an army surgeon. He served his full time for a pension, in all parts of the globe; he retired upon that pension; and he died in 1865, aged eighty years. He was of small stature; had rather a high voice and an effeminate air; abhorred strong meat and drink, but was sudden and quick in quarrel, and fought a duel at the Cape. There were suspicions about—outside the Medical Board; but these suspicions did not point to the truth. The truth was only found out by a post-mortem, which the subject of it had expressly forbidden, but upon which science thought proper to insist. Then it was discovered that James Barry, M.D., Inspector of Hospitals, was a woman.



INFLUENZA,

Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine.—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, S. D.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral Prompt to act, sure to cure

